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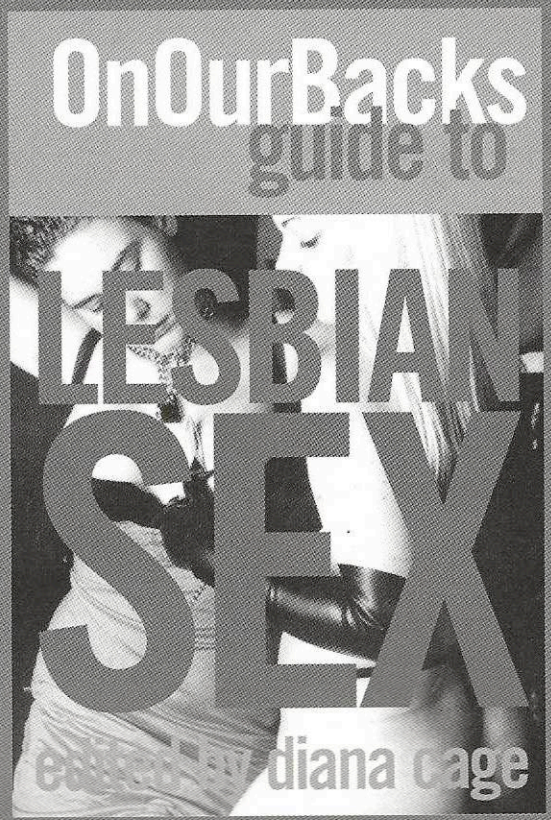

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Volume18 . Issue06

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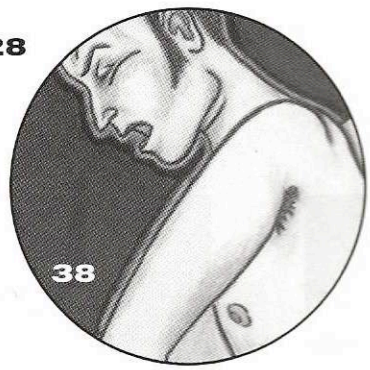

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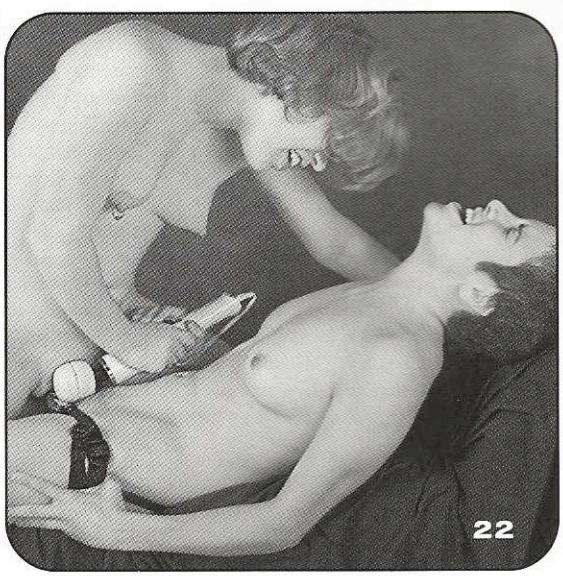

Where the Bi's Are

Our roundtable discussion "Bi Now, Pay Later?" (December/January 2004) caused many **On Our Backs**' readers to grab their pens and give us a piece of their minds. Although some found the story empowering, others were pretty pissed off that **On Our Backs** would hold a roundtable in which one group of queers (lesbians) got to talk about another (bisexuals), and viewed the story as divisive. The ensuing discussion has been pretty lively (see "Letters" on page 6). I'd just like to say that **On Our Backs**' editorial mission is to support dykes of every identity, race, and class. I agree: many bisexual women, myself included, have been the target of biphobia. But refusing to discuss issues in our community doesn't make them disappear. We ran the story because we wanted to diffuse the "ism" by airing concerns from all points on the identity spectrum. I'm thrilled to edit a magazine that is taken so seriously by its readership and I look forward to our forthcoming roundtable discussion with bisexual women.

XOXO,

Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Editor

MICHAEL ROSEN

This is how I deal with difficult models.

contributors

Bree Coven's writing has been widely published in anthologies such as *Best of the Best Lesbian Erotica*; *Up All Night: Adventures in Lesbian Sex*, *Binary: Best of Both Worlds: Bisexual Erotica; Generation Q*; and *The Femme Mystique*, as well as *Harrington Lesbian Fiction Quarterly* and *Pucker Up* magazine. Her first book, *Shecky's NYC Apartment Guide: No Fee Rentals and Everything You Need to Live in NYC*, comes out in April.

Go to page 30 to read **Lori Selke**'s interview with the hardworking Johanna Breyer. Selke is the editor of *Tough Girls: Down and Dirty Dyke Erotica*. She writes about sexy things for AVN and YesPortal; her fiction has appeared in *Best S/M Erotica* and *Dyke the Halls*, among other places. She also writes about music for *Girlfriends* and edits a zine called *Problem Child*. She is a shy singer and an excellent cook.

Bridget Cannon, freshly transplanted from the Dirty South, is the new intern in the office at **On Our Backs**. Besides reading, drinking, and attending grad school for her MFA in fiction, she enjoys writing sexy stories like this month's "Lesson Learned," on page 40. Though she is single, she doesn't go in for long walks on the beach. "Take me to a bookstore or a punk show and I'm all yours."

Rosemary Van Deuren is a fan of girls, grrls, boys, bois, and everything else in between, so she jumped at the chance to illustrate "Coming Soon to a Theatre Near Me" (p. 38). In addition to dirty magazine illustration, Rosemary has drawn concert flyers and created sculpture and other fine art. She is currently working as a painter. To browse all of her past **On Our Backs** illustrations and see more of her artwork, check out www.rosemaryvandeuren.com.

Creative director for *Kitchen Sink* magazine **Laurenn McCubbin** (illustration, p.40) is an extremely overworked artist and writer. She won a Xeric Grant for her first book *XXXlivenudegirls*, and she was featured in the award-winning *SPX Anthology 2002*, as well as the anthologies *Telstar* and *True Porn*. She illustrated the forthcoming book *Rent Girl*, written by Michelle Tea. Check out her work at www.laurennmccubbin.com.

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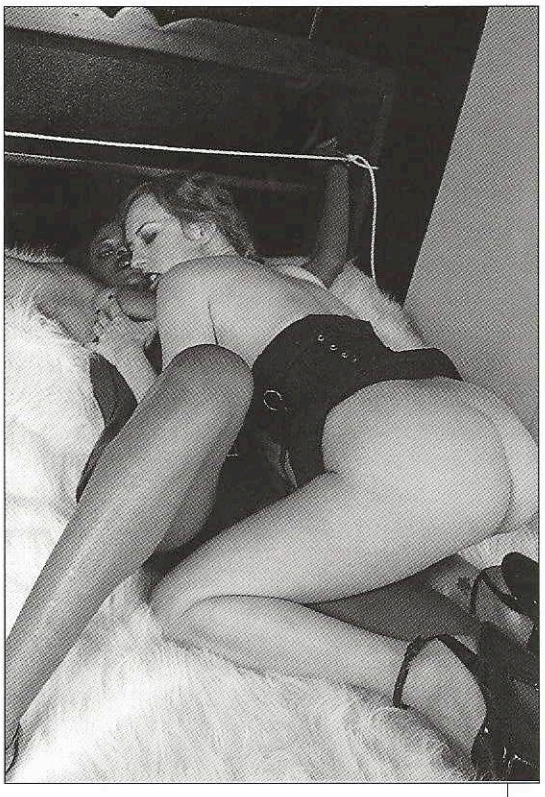
letters



MICHELLE BLIOUX

Biphobia Phobia

"Bi Now, Pay Later?" (December/January 2004) was superbly written but I did have some issues with the lack of moderation. It would have been a much more well-balanced interview had there been some bisexual women present to field the incredibly wrong assumptions about bi women that were flying around amid the genuine concerns. There's a lot of biphobia and transphobia from both within and without the queer community that doesn't get the attention that even the most inconsequential gay or lesbian issue gets. I myself am leery of lesbian bars because I'm afraid of getting chased out if I let on that I'm bisexual. According to many (though not all) lesbians, we're less than lesbians.

Now, how about another article for balance? One that involves an interview with one or more bisexuals?

Rebecca Lexa
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I was excited that **On Our Backs** addressed dykes dating bi women, but I feel pigeonholed by a magazine that normally breaks stereotypes and celebrates a myriad of sexualities. I'm out and active in several progressive organizations and continually face ignorant and hateful comments, some of which were repeated in the article. I want someone to love me and fuck me with kink and imagination. I don't care if your dick is "real"—I deserve to be treated like an individual.

Christine Grisham
Washington, D.C.

Did you really think that the world needed yet another forum for lesbians to express rampant biphobia, internalized sexism, and general ignorance of the day-to-day realities of queer women who are bi? Had your purpose been to further a mutual understanding between lesbians and bisexual women, you would have included bisexual women in the round table. Instead, you've achieved another exercise in name-calling and fear mongering. I guess **On Our Backs** wants only to appeal to some dykes, while demeaning others.

Kathryn Needfire
San Francisco, California

I took exception to the stereotypes about bisexuals thrown about the room during the round table discussion in your article "Bi Now, Pay Later?"

b. kitty
San Francisco, California

I'm a queer, poly, switch femme woman. I like queer women of all stripes, femme and butch dykes, genderqueers, trans-identified men, and yes, even queer biomen. I would like a queer women's community that doesn't keep shooting itself in the god-damned foot with this incessant boundary policing. Did we learn nothing from the sex wars? However we live our queerness, we are not straight. We ought to damn well be able to create some kind of space for each other 'cuz there sure as hell isn't anyone else who's gonna do it for us.

Janine M. deManda
Oakland, CA

Bisexual women have made crucial contributions to **On Our Backs** since its inception. And we don't like reading discussions about us that we weren't invited to, especially in a magazine happy to run on our labor and print our naked pictures as jerk-off material. Your choice to shore up a tired identity cleavage in order to exclude "one" and ask "the other" about "them" in their absence departs from that pluralistic ethos. In fact it kind of reminds us of the seventies and eighties when many of us argued ad nauseum that bisexually identified women ought not to be treated like pariahs. A more timely, appropriate–and dare we say, interesting–discussion to report on in your pages might be how sexual identity impacts sex, with a range of respondents, including those who don't identify at all.

Revi Airborne, Diane Anderson-Minshall, Mel Blardo, Siobhan Brooks, Athena Douris, Storm Florez, Sasha T. Goldberg, Liz Highleyman, Loraine Hutchins, Lani Ka'ahumanu, Jill Nagle, Annalise Ophelian, Laura Perez, Carol Queen, Domina Selina Raven, Tracy Schmidt
Via the Internet

Imagine the monoracial discussing mixed race folks, and making similarly destructive generalizations as those made by lesbians about bisexuals in your article "Bi Now, Pay Later?" To try to list them: Bisexual women are femme. Sex workers are "currently dating men." We're all sluts, and give lesbians diseases. And we'd have never gotten the idea to fuck anyone but straight non-trans men, or the political climate to facilitate our weekly pussy-lickings, if it wasn't for the charity of the dykes. There are bisexual models all over this magazine, and it's a disaster that the feature article on bisexuality is a panel of non-bi dykes talking shit about us. Isn't the point of this magazine that we've had enough of the sex wars?

Anna Wenzel
Oakland, California

It seems that the women on the "Bi Now, Pay Later?" panel have had only bad experiences with bi women. Not all bi women will break your heart and fuck you over. I consider **On Our Backs** separatist. You did not break any new ground for dykes understanding bi love. If anything, you added wood to the fire!

Rae Rodriguez
San Francisco, California

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com; via fax to 415.648.4705; or write **On Our Backs** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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Fuck Me Vegas Style

by Shar Rednour

illustration by Fish

January means heading to Vegas for the AVN awards, otherwise known as the Porn Oscars. I just really wanted a round bed like Austin Powers, so my wife Jackie called every hotel in Vegas, only to hear desk clerks laugh at her. We finally drove into town and I asked each desk clerk in person until I scored. "They don't have a round bed, but they have the next best thing–a California King-sized water bed!" Excited, I ran out to our Chevy van, keys in hand. Jackie got nervous when I directed her past the main hotel to an odd, bean-shaped annex in the back parking lot. You could tell this addition was built in 1962 and demand probably hadn't filled it since 1972.

Oh, but I was so horny by this time. We'd done the road sex thing. Jackie drove while I pulled up my skirt and masturbated, facing my cunt in her direction. I have this cool bullet vibrator that plugs into the cigarette lighter for juice. You'd think we'd have been safe since I wasn't driving but that really wasn't the case. My fired-up stud's fists wrung the wheel so tight her knuckles went white, and her eyes definitely did not stay on the road. "Fuck, Shar, what are you trying to do to me," she growled. I forgot about her and screamed as my orgasm burst forth. "Oh shit baby, yeah," Jackie said when the van started bouncing, and a semi blared his horn. I opened my eyes, laughing as we swerved back onto the highway. Kneeling on the cooler between us I nibbled up Jackie's neck, wondering if she wanted some jack-off action down her 501s. She said, "Baby, I'll wait for the truckstop bathroom."

We strolled through shadowy hallways lit by fake bronze plastic wall sconces to our room. The wallpaper was that embossed kind–satin with velvet designs snaking through it. *I* loved it. *Jackie* checked for roaches.

Then there was the huge, late seventies bed with a gargantuan, ornate plastic headboard (that matched the sconces) stuck to the wall, and fat, black vinyl padding around the wooden frame. "Alright, baby," Jackie exclaimed. Then she pulled us down onto the bed for what she hoped would be a sexy embrace. Instead the water rebounded me over her like I was a Cirque du Soliel trapeze reject. Jackie didn't laugh until she was sure I hadn't broken my ankle on the 100 pound cherub lamp. This clearly was an original model, designed way before the "waveless" technology.

"Well, there's only one way to deal with this. One of us is going to have to be rather *still*." I smiled at Jackie, who smiled back. We had just gotten a new harness that matched our travel bondage kit. "And it's not going to be who you think it's going to be."

> I left her boots on since they MAKE MY CLIT JUMP.

I slunk into a vintage pink and black baby doll to match our pad and then laid down on top of Jackie–carefully–and warmed her up with kisses and urgent grinds from below my belly. She kneaded the outside of my thighs, smacked my ass, and kissed me hard. Her hands worked their way to the inside. I knew that I'd better get her tied up before I lost my chance.

That's right, I managed to tie up my butch stud top. No, not to the fake headboard. I had to extend our lashes with belts and create a spider web to the furniture in the room, but I did it. "Oh yeah, baby, it's time for you to drive."

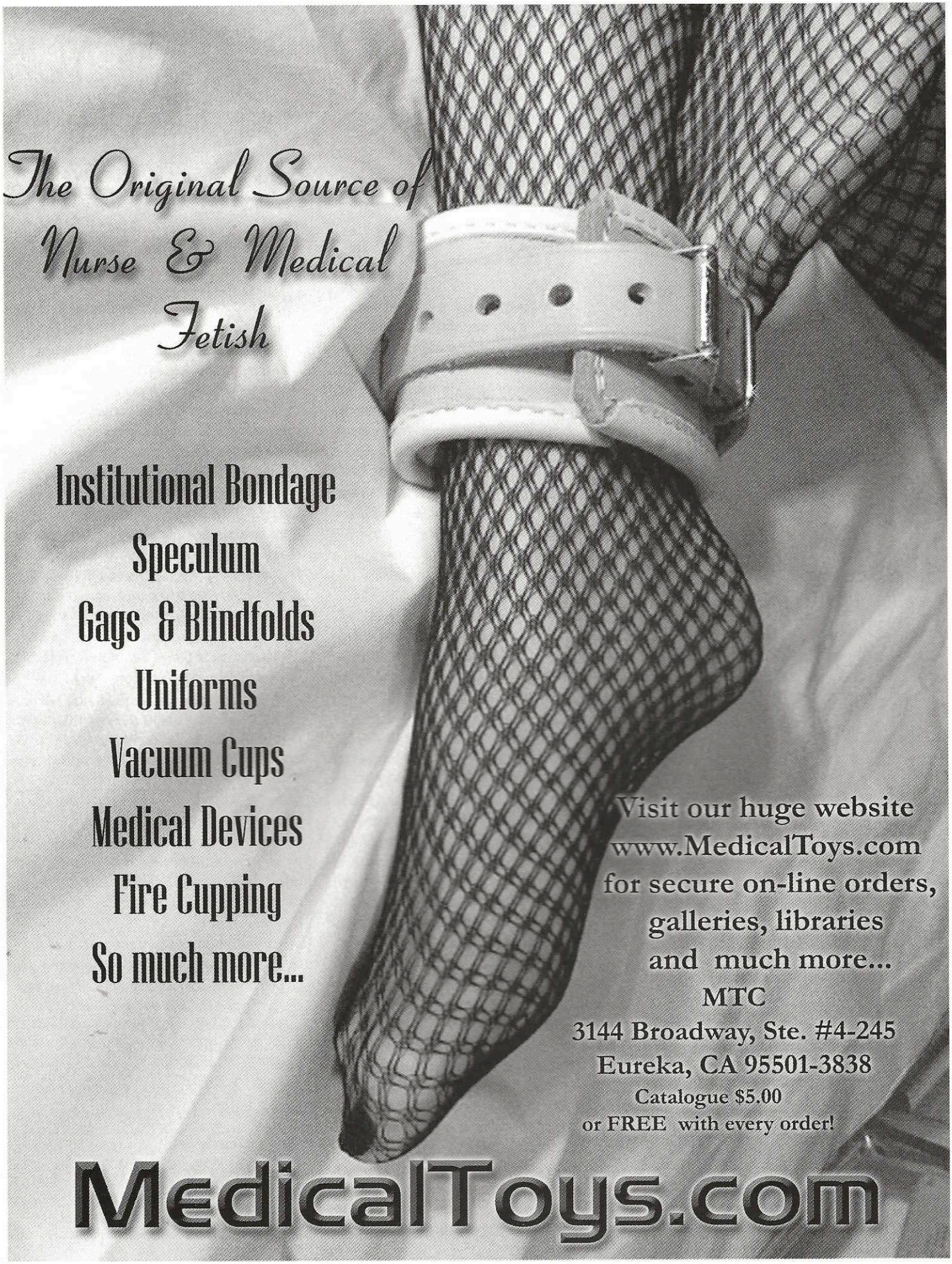
Her dildo stood at attention. I left her boots on since they make my clit jump, and that was about it. I thought the candlelight, champagne, and music had completed my Vegas perfect fuck wish list until Jackie, lying spread eagle said, "Sugar buns, look up." There were mirrors on the ceiling!

"Shageriffic, baby!" I replied wickedly, thinking only of my needy pussy.

You don't know what a delight I had in tying up my top, not because I wanted to do to her what she does to me but because, sometimes, I just want to see her squirm. She owns my pussy, with her urgency, her love, and her 100 percent pure master dyke fingers that hone in on my deep itch–the come-spot that turns a regular orgasm into a spiritual convergence–like a billion dollar love grenade. I wanted to tease her and make her squirm–make her be the one not knowing when she'd get release.

I'd planned on dancing over her. I did some sexy twirls tip-toeing on the vinyl edge, but the second I stepped onto that lost-in-time aquatic trampoline all grace was lost. I couldn't even do a good face-riding without waves bucking me from her mouth like a mechanical bull. I gave up on the tease and made us both happy by just sinking down on her fat cock, holding on for dear life, and riding her 'til we made swells that would rival Hawaii's North Shore. oob

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.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Butthole Surfer

What are the health concerns regarding rimming? I'm especially concerned about moving my mouth from her anus to her vagina. I've seen people do this in videos, but is it possible to do without transmitting germs? Also, what sort of lube works best?

Rimming a clean, freshly washed asshole is just fine, especially if you don't stick your tongue inside her asshole. (If your partner likes analingus, her ass should come to bed clean enough to eat.) Moreover, during rimming, your own spit should be sufficient to keep it slick. The danger lies in things—toys, fingers, dicks—coming out of the butt and into the pussy. Always wash a toy or finger between butt play and vaginal insertion. To be absolutely safe, use a Glyde dam over both holes.

Marathon Woman

I've been with my girlfriend for seven months. She's tired all the time and she never initiates sex. She is happy with the way I fuck her, but she feels inadequate because I'm not happy with our sex life. I want to try new things, but the more sex becomes an issue, the less likely either of us is to initiate. Also, I come the minute she puts her tongue on my clit. Am I the only woman ever to have a problem with premature orgasm?

You appear to be at very different stages in your sexual development. Is it possible you're not right for each other at this time? Listen to your body and honor what it's telling you. You deserve a partner who more closely matches your desire and interest level, one who makes your clit sing. Sexual incompatibility is a valid reason for breaking up with a person. Physical intimacy is designed to create love, pleasure, happiness, closeness, contentment, and peace, and everyone deserves to have it on her own terms. As for your orgasm pattern, it could be a manifestation of your emotional state—another reason not to delay honest examination of your situation. Your girlfriend, too, deserves a partner who is not frustrated with her low sex drive, so that she can also feel respected.

Girl Uninterrupted

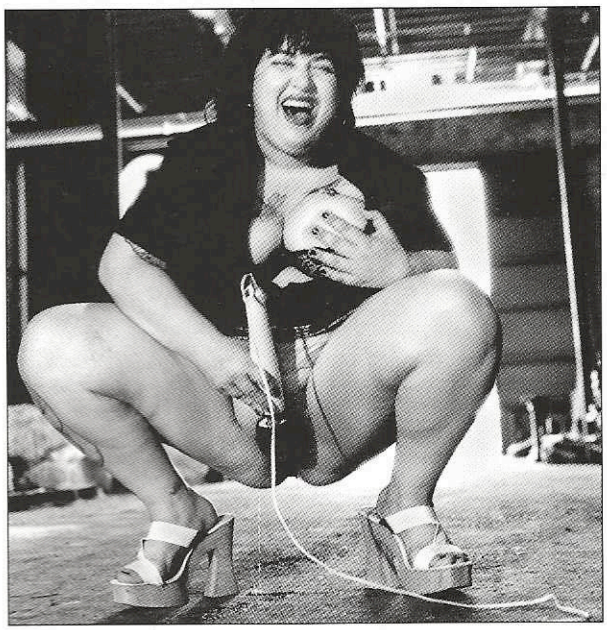
I am a 19-year-old male-to-female transsexual. (I've been considering gender reassignment surgery, but haven't had it.) My problem is that the women I sleep with expect me to be the aggressor, because they perceive me as still masculine. I don't know how to make it clear that I need to feel feminine and that I'm more comfortable in a sexually passive role.

A slight tweak in your pre-sex negotiation is in order here. Regardless of your appearance, you are a femme bottom, so someone wanting a butch top lover, male or female, needs to look elsewhere. Be clear about your orientation early in the conversation and make sure your partner is as self-aware of her kink as you are. Taking good care of your boundaries will go a long way toward protecting your mental health. As you consider surgery, keep in mind that your genital sensitivity will not remain the same, and that you face a life of very different sexual pleasures than you experience now. I urge you to locate a GBT-friendly therapist to help you with your transition. The sexuality library catalogue at www.goodvibes.com is full of valuable books for people in your situation. Check it out!

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; Fax: 415.648.4705; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Get Yourself Off

by Rachel Venning



Masturbation is not the last resort of those who can't get a date. It's a fundamental part of each person's sexuality. Giving yourself pleasure is a way of loving yourself, literally. In addition to increasing your sense of well-being and lowering stress levels, time spent masturbating also develops your fantasy life and can lead you in new erotic directions. While nothing is wrong with a quick jill-off so you can sleep, consider treating yourself to a real date between the sheets.

1. More Than Quality Time

Set aside some time and space to do it well. Since you are your own best lover (and definitely the most long-term one) give yourself the care you would a cherished beloved. Make your room sensuous and attractive, dress up in something sexy, and don't try to finish as quickly as possible. If you set aside time for your date, you'll have more patience with trying new techniques that might take longer than your tried-and-true methods.

2. Get Out of Your Rut

Variety not only spices things up, but can prevent your neural pathways from becoming habituated to only one way of getting off. Change your routine. If you always use a vibrator, unplug it for a week. If you rely on a fantasy of Jessica Simpson to turn you on, for God's sake, try someone else. If you always do it on your belly, flip over.

3. Every Last Inch

Get your whole body in on the action by doing something physically stimulating such as exercising, dancing, or taking a sensuous bath. Get the energy moving from your toes to the top of your head. Admire your naked body in the mirror and give yourself some love. Stroke, squeeze, and give that hottie a wink. Touch yourself all over. Bring yourself to orgasm while still looking in that mirror. Use one of those handheld 3X enlargers to get a good look at all the changes in your cunt as you go through the stages of arousal.

4. Your Own Picture Show

Don't censor your fantasies. Whatever gets you going, try turning up the dial. If you like someone going down on you, imagine yourself getting licked by lots of tongues at once. Or if you have a scene that gets you off (say teacher and student), switch roles in your mind from whichever perspective you usually take. Get some porn or erotica to inspire your fantasies.

5. Take Several Deep Breaths

Experiment with breathing. A lot of folks hold their breath as they reach orgasm. That can make the experience more intense, which is why people occasionally take it too far. Less well-known is that breathing deeply and giving your blood plenty of oxygen can lead to even more mind-blowing climaxes. Suck in big draws of air and really pull the energy into your genitals. Scientifically, orgasm occurs when a muscle spasm releases tension, but every erotic guru-type knows that some spiritual energy plays a big part, too. Building up that energy through breathing can take your sex life to a whole new level.

6. Back from the Brink

Instead of rapid fill and spill, raise the level of arousal at which you finally come. Bring yourself almost to the crest of orgasm and then back off a little bit. Get close a few times before finally taking the plunge. It'll be like surfing the big waves at Mavericks.

7. Work It

Some orgasms feel like little more than sneezes, while others are earth shattering. The big ones partly depend on how strong your orgasm muscles are. A regular program of clenching and releasing pelvic muscles will literally increase the strength of your orgasms. Speaking of muscles, when you're coming, contrast the different sensations of sucking in and pushing out from your genitals. The resulting orgasms will each have a distinct flavor. oob

Rachel Venning is the co-author of *Sex Toys 101* and the co-founder of Toys in Babeland.

MASTURBATION MONTH

A while back some clever sex activist declared May National Masturbation Month. How will you celebrate?

Some feminist sex toy stores promote an annual Masturbate-a-Thon to raise money for a good cause and consciousness of the many virtues of masturbation. If that isn't your style, maybe you'd like to get off for peace (check out www.masturbateforpeace.com). For intellectual types, I recommend the books *The Technology of Orgasm* by Rachel P. Maines (fascinating history of vibrators) and the *Big Book of Masturbation* by Martha Cornog (stunningly comprehensive social history). If you're more hands-on, consider a workshop on a sex-related topic such as masturbation, sex toys, or flirting. Any energy you put into developing yourself sexually will put gas in the erotic tank. Lastly, seek the advice of Betty Dodson, godmother of masturbation, either through her book and video *Sex for One*, or her Web site at www.bettydodson.com.

Quinn

Makes our mouths water

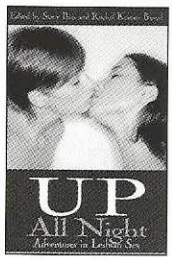
photography by
Cyber-Dyke.net

interview by Zille Defeu

Name: Quinn
Age: 22
Identity: Femme
Status: Single
Her favorite sex toy: It used to be the "Rabbit Pearl," but I've just started having fun with the lipstick vibe.
Where to take her on a date: Sushi! I love the sushi boat places the best.
The four key components of her hottest sexcapade: Three girls and a riding crop!
Sex act that makes her wet: Giving blow-jobs! I love looking up at a girl while I suck her strap-on, seeing the faces she makes and feeling her hips buck uncontrollably.
What catches her eye: Femmes with dark hair and cat-like eyes. Taller, healthy girls, I am not attracted to skinny girls at all. And I love when a femme packs! Seeing a strap-on under tight pants or a skirt is so hot for me! But most of all, a girl should possess a dark sense of humor, to match mine!
Her favorite nature activity: Outdoor sex is my favorite, especially somewhere I could get busted!

Up All Night: Adventures in Lesbian Sex

Edited by Stacy Bias
and Rachel Kramer Bussel
[Alyson Books]

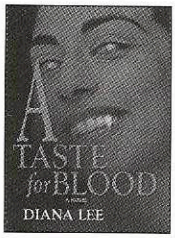


From kinky to strictly vanilla, this collection of true lesbian sex tales will appeal to a wide range of tastes. Unlike many anthologies whose sexiest tales depict random encounters, *Up All Night* may inspire long-term couples to try something new with accounts such as "Ungentlemanly Behavior," where a butch-femme couple switch roles after years of a set role-play. Whether you're looking for love or a quick fuck, you'll find it in stories like "The Sex Test" in which a "straight" woman reveals her longtime crush on her best female friend, or in "Kim," where a hot alleyway encounter leaves the author wanting and wondering what she just lost. While not all of the stories are meant to make you come, they will make you think and give you insight into aspects of dyke culture you might not otherwise be privy to.

Bottom line: all hot, all true. **ch**

A Taste for Blood

by Diana Lee
[Harrington Park Press]

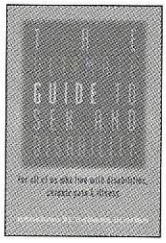


I'm not generally into anything as fantastic as vampires, but I was immediately pulled into this epic love story. Ryan has been a vampire for over 700 years, she dresses as a man, owns factories and a manor, and is well-respected in her Scottish town. When she meets Carissa, she seduces her, making into a vampire. Together they travel, fight enemies, take other lovers, and learn about Ryan's riveting past. There's plenty of steamy, kinky sex in between the feeding and hunting, but the core of this novel—replete with murders, a hint of mystery, and various interconnected characters—is the drama between Carissa and Ryan. Lee's tale is fascinating and highlights the erotic potential of blood sucking with expert detail, making even this vampire newbie want more blood.

Bottom line: blood-sucking sex. **rkb**

The Ultimate Guide to Sex and Disability

by Miriam Kaufman, M.D.,
Cory Silverberg, and Fran Odette
[Cleis Press]

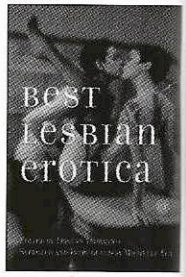


This well-researched and comprehensive guide to sex and disability is a much-needed addition to the plethora of available sex guides, none of which have covered this topic. While not geared toward dykes, it makes every effort to be inclusive both in terms of sexual orientation and race, though it often falls short on the transgender front. A wide array of topics are covered including sexual anatomy, overcoming physical challenges to sex, building a positive self-image, and adapting sex toys to any type of body. The attention to detail is impressive, especially in the section on communication, which explores difficult issues such as finding a sexual partner while living in an institutional setting and communicating with a home care attendant with great sensitivity. All in all, this book has classic written all over it.

Bottom line: fills a gap in the sex guide canon. **ch**

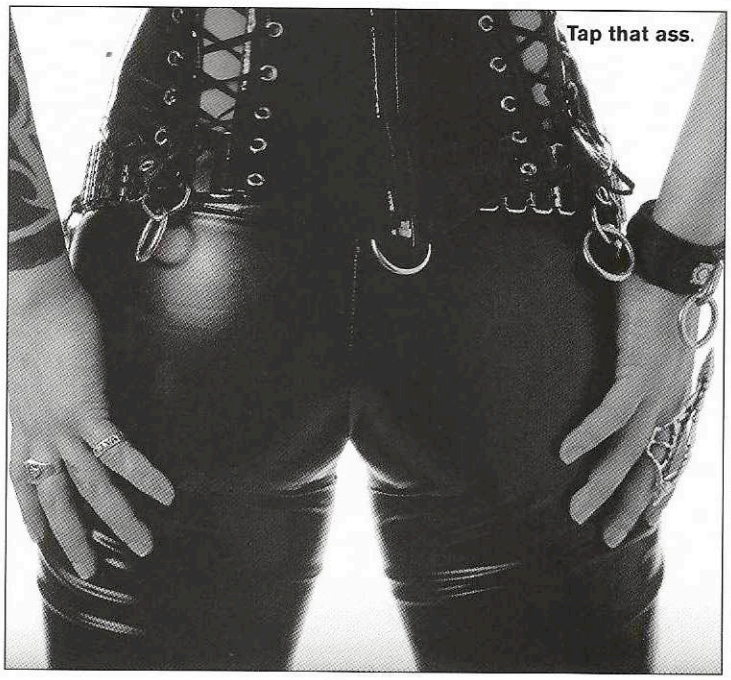
Best Lesbian Erotica 2004

Selected by Michelle Tea;
series editor, Tristan Taormino
[Cleis Press]



BLE 2004 is yet another excellent installment in the series. The stories for this edition were chosen by Michelle Tea, a stunning fiction writer in her own right, and I could sense her edgy aesthetic in the pieces she chose to include. The stories are as much well-written fiction as they are masturbatory material. It's a mark of good writing when I find myself reading erotica with subject matter that wouldn't normally make my clit jump, and I felt compelled to finish the entire anthology. All the basic crotch-scorching themes are included: Daddy/girl roleplay and smutty bathroom fucks, genderbending, even vampires. Stand-outs include "Does She Look Like a Boy?" by Tara-Michelle Ziniuk and Bethany Harvey's "Breathing Water."

Bottom line: set your pants aflame. **sb**



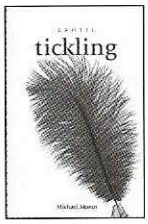
The Leather Book

Erotic Tickling

by Michael Moran
[Greenery Press]

This detailed and extremely enthusiastic guide to what's referred to as *ET* covers everything from why tickling feels good (think muscle tension and submission) to proper implements (think jewelry such as bracelets, feathers, and hair) to plenty of kinky scenarios all you sadistic ticklers and ticklees can try. In fact, many of these role-playing scenes are so elaborate

and fun that they'd work with or without the tickling. It's probably unlikely that most readers will have as much of a fetish for tickling as Moran, but it's fun to hear about people who seriously get off on it, and Moran is so passionate about the subject that it's easy to get swept away. One caution: the book is steeped in heterosexual language, which is acknowledged, and occasionally this, along with certain gendered assumptions, can be grating. Otherwise, it's a quick and easy read that will tell you more than you ever thought there was to know about tickling a partner (or being tickled), and can bring some squirms, laughs, tickles and tortures (if that's your thing) into your sex life.

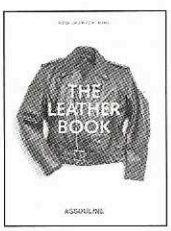


Bottom line: go ahead and laugh. **rkb**

The Leather Book

by Anne-Laure Quilleriet
[Assouline]

Without leather, what would we wear? How would we restrain our lovers? I covet the way it feels and smells, I can easily imagine my wet snatch slipping across a leather-covered motorcyle seat, or a leather-clad thigh. Leather is a signifier as well as a fetish object. A woman in leather is probably going to fuck the way I like, flirt the way I like, live the way I like. So you can probably imagine why I enjoyed this fascinating and gorgeous collection of text and images dedicated to my favorite material. *The Leather Book* traces the uses of leather all the way from the pelts of cave dwellers to haute couture creations of top designers. Some of the leather lovers in my life will definitely be getting this book as a gift.



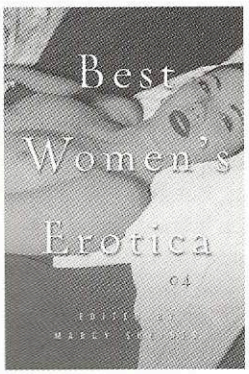
Bottom line: leather constructions, deconstructed. **dc**

review staff [read.it, try.it, + click.it]

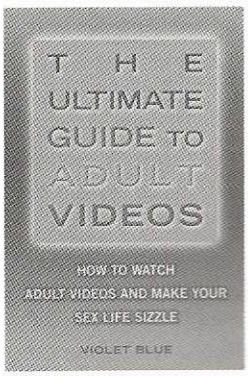
sb . Styles Bitchley | **mg** . Myriam Gurba
rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel | **ch** . Cara Herbitter
dc . Diana Cage | **hp** . Heather Petrocelli

Cleis Press—Hot off the press!

Best Lesbian Erotica 2004
Selected by Michelle Tea
Tristan Taormino, Series Editor
ISBN 1-57344-182-1, 296 pages, $14.95

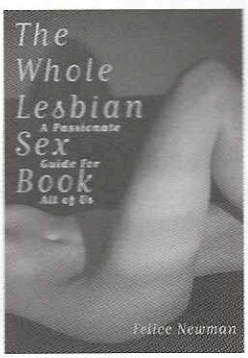


Best Women's Erotica 2004
Edited by Marcy Sheiner
ISBN 1-57344-181-3, 240 pages, $14.95



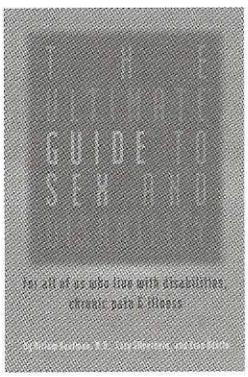
The Ultimate Guide to Adult Videos
How to Watch Adult Videos and Make Your Sex Life Sizzle
by Violet Blue
ISBN 1-57344-172-4, 320 pages, $16.95

Best Bondage Erotica
Edited by Alison Tyler
ISBN 1-57344-173-2, 200 pages, $14.95



The Whole Lesbian Sex Book
A Passionate Guide for All of Us
by Felice Newman
ISBN 1-57344-088-4, 292 pages, $24.95

The Ultimate Guide to Sex and Disability
For All of Us who Live with Disabilities, Chronic Pain, and Illness
by Miriam Kaufman, M.D., Cory Silverberg and Fran Odette
ISBN 1-57344-176-7, 360 pages, $16.95



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Thigh Harness
[JT's Stockroom, $73]

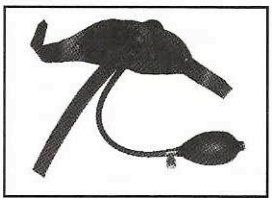
I tried using this harness in a standing position on my rubenesque girl at a play party, but as soon as she took a couple of steps it ended up around her ankles. When I made the cuffs tighter, the harness pinched her skin. Then I put her on a table with a hoist, thinking that the thigh harness would not slip if she was lying down. When I attached the bar to the hoist and started winching her legs up, the restraints cut into the back of her thighs. I had hoped cunt play would be a possibility, but the bar was in the way! Finally, a girl of smaller proportions agreed to be a guinea pig, and because her legs tapered less the harness didn't slip or pinch. Frustrated, I released my curvy girl, grabbed my floggers and put the thigh harness away.

Bottom line: limited useage. **vg**

Slip Inside
[Good Vibrations, $14]

Slip Inside is the creamist, dreamiest lube this girl has ever enjoyed. It's glycerin-free and water-based so it won't give you any nasty irritation. It's super slick, not at all sticky, and feels like lotion. It's very similar in consistency to Liquid Silk, my previous fave, but thicker and longer lasting. This lube helped me finally get my fist into the girlie I'd been fucking for weeks–turns out, the extra cushioning was just the thing we needed. Now she loves me, and I love this lube.

Bottom line: slip sliding away. **dc**



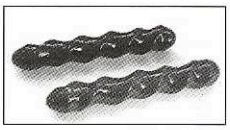
Inflatable Gag
[Stormy Leather, Price: $124.95]

Looking like a prop from Tank Girl, this black latex gag with mouth mask and inflatable bulb is eerie yet compelling. I buckled my baby into it and slowly pumped up the 2" inflatable bulb–which can inflate to the whopping size of a baseball. For added safety there is a rubber tube running through the gag allowing for easier breathing and passing of fluids. With her bound, gagged, and deliciously vulnerable we both found ourselves at a loss for words.

Bottom line: sinister gag action. **hp**

Granite Dildo
[JT's Stockroom, $68]

This highly polished granite dildo is perfect when you need to get fucked with something rock hard. Heavy, smooth, and beautiful, it's twisty shape provides fabulous stimulation, especially if you're a big gaping hole like I am. My girlfriend found it to be a bit on the pinchy side, but she's quite petite. It even does double duty as a paper weight.

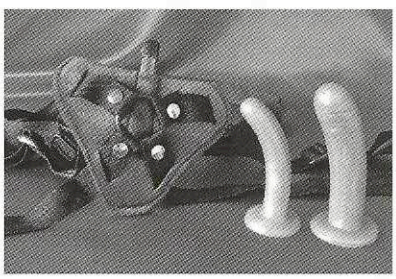


Bottom line: big, hard, hand-held. **sb**

Bend Over Beginner Kit
[Tantus, $70]

I felt positively regal as I slipped on this purple velvety harness with easily adjustable straps. This anal play set comes with two dildos and, since my girl's ass was virtually virginal (other than an occasional fingerfuck), we strapped on the smaller of the two–a small purple silicone dildo that could maneuver its way into the tightest of spots. With the tiny included-vibrator over my clit and my dick firmly in her ass, I was riding high; and when my girl slipped the second cock inside my pussy, it put me over the edge. We're still working up to fucking her ass with the larger of the two dildos, but until then, we're managing to make the most of it.

Bottom line: a good time was had by all. **ch**



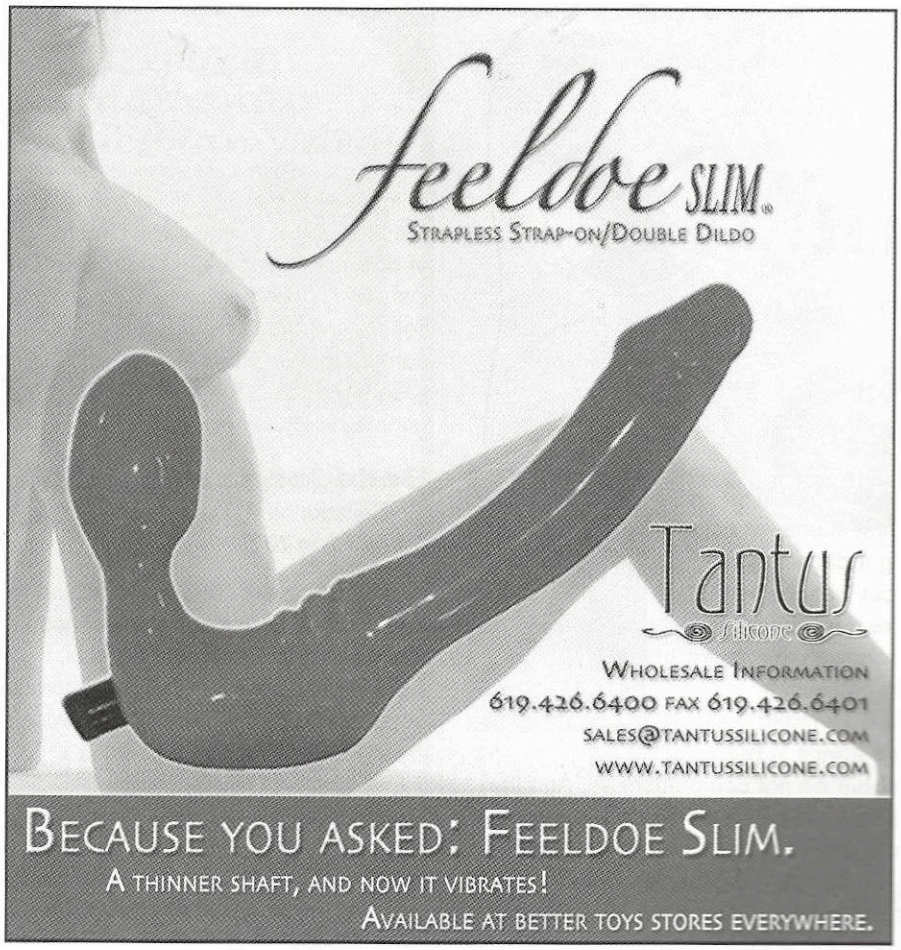
click.it

Jenniferesperanza.com
Jennifer Esperanza is a New Mexico-based photographer whose work is delicate and intensely feminine. Her photographs of women are exquisitely real in their detail and honesty. Many are set in the Southwestern landscape of Santa Fe and incorporate aspects of this region into their sensual semantics. Despite her talent, Esperanza never takes her work too seriously and imbues many of her erotic portraits with a playfulness that humanizes her subjects and makes their rendering that much more poignant. **mg**

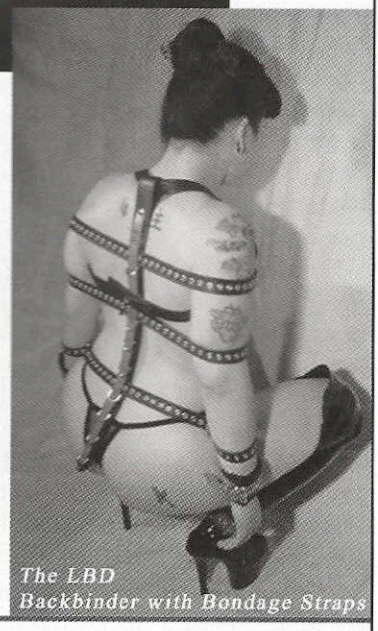
Divalicious

Powerdivas.com
Powerdivas.com features erotic portraits of professional female bodybuilding's hottest stars, like Gladiator Kathy Johansson and Slovakian fitness queen Timea Majora. Photographer Ivana Ford's work captures the unique sensual tension that happens when feminine sexuality is combined with extreme body sculpting. Through Ford's lens, divas like Johansson and Majora are transformed into goddesses as they reveal their bulging muscles and tightly toned bodies exclusively for her camera. **mg**

Lenaramon.com
Lenaramon.com is the cyber home of pansexual adult entertainer and model Lena Ramon. Ramon is the consummate naughty librarian, the shy girl-next-door turned kinky, pervy porn star. She has performed in adult videos since 1998 and has amassed a truly impressive body of work which she shares in part through her Web site. Ramon is also all about pushing her own boundaries and her site proves it, featuring her in scenarios that include bondage, fisting, catfighting, fireplay, and wax, to name a few. **mg**



Leather By Danny



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Serious Sapphic Smut

The best of new and old dyke porn

by Greta Christina

Turn Me Up, Over, and On

dir. Carolyn Caizzi
[Fatale Video, 2004]

It's back to basics for Fatale Video, the pioneer mama of by-dyke-for-dyke video smut. No new taboos are broken in this latest video; no envelopes are pushed, no radical new visions are explored. It's a half-hour porno tape of two lesbians having themselves some lesbian sex. And it's grand! Beautiful, giddy, arousing...all those good things.

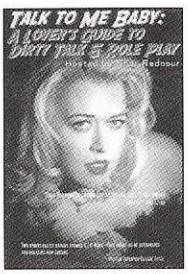
The women are crazy about each other, and the sex is sweet and affectionate, with lots of kissing and foreplay, and wildly contagious intensity once they get going. The black-and-white camerawork is a pleasure to look at, without being distractingly artsy. Best of all, there's no dumb plot or bad fake dialogue. The director seems to know that when you have non-actors in your porn movie, your best bet is to just show them fucking.

Bottom line: simple and superb.

Talk to Me Baby: A Lover's Guide to Dirty Talk and Role Play

dir. Jackie Strano
[S.I.R. Video, 2003]

Dirty talk isn't my thing. The fact that sex wipes out my language center is actually one of its blessings. But even with that in mind, I found this educational movie on talking dirty and role-playing from S.I.R. Video (*Sugar High Glitter City*, *Hard Love*, etc.) somewhat hit and miss. A compilation video with some new sex scenes included, it's got lots of informative narration from Shar Rednour, along with some very inspirational fucking. The first scene—a couple telling a dirty story, intercut with the scene they're describing—is especially stirring, both smart and yummy.



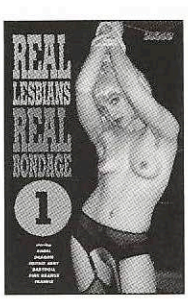
But it's a mixed bag. Shar's advice is very good, but it's not comprehensive. And the sex scenes fluctuate from wildly passionate to cute and sexy to stiff and lukewarm. I had fun, but the temptation to fast-forward cropped up more than once. If you haven't seen S.I.R.'s other videos, you'll be fine; but if you've already gobbled up their other movies, this one may be too familiar.

Bottom line: smutty speaking lessons.

Real Lesbians, Real Bondage 1

dir. Duck Dumont
[Redboard Video, 2000]

It has some good moments. Great moments, even, and not just one or two. It's not a by-dyke production, but it's full of stone butches and punky femmes and other misfit toys. They play hard, and for real, with heartfelt screams and affectionate giggling.



But *RLRB1* made me realize how important production values are. I don't mean shiny and expensive; low budget is fine, and gonzo is fine. But you can't just put hot people in front of a camera and let them go at it. You need filmmaking things: editing that trims the duller moments; a camera that doesn't twitch around or sit like a lump; sound that lets you hear what's being said. This video has many lovely bits, flashes and stretches of intense, sweet, ferocious dyke SM play; but they phase in and out with a fair amount of downtime, and a lot of momentum gets lost. And it's largely because of the gummy sound, and the spastic camera, and the non-existent editing.

Bottom line: sweet stuff, but keep the remote handy.

Belladonna's Evil Pink

dir. Belladonna
[Evil Angel Video, 2003]

It looks like every other ditzy, lesbian-for-straight-men porn video and if it hadn't been a Good Vibrations staff pick, I wouldn't have bothered. But mainstream or not, this video is an undiluted expression of joyfully shameless lezzie libido.

Evil Pink is produced, written, and directed by Belladonna, who appears in almost every scene.

Belladonna is a nasty, nasty girl, and she needs to come over for a good, hard spanking right this minute. She's a woman after my own heart; she likes making girls jiggle their asses, and spanking them, and getting them face down with their asses in the air, and spreading their holes for a good, long look. She has a pure, lecherous passion for other women, and when she eats pussy, she gets her face right in there. And she's not the only taste treat: Cytherea has a magnificent female ejaculation, and the slutty submissive Avy Scott is already haunting my whack-off fantasies.

It's not perfect. Apart from my usual complaints about mainstream smut (body fascism, high cheese factor, etc.), it's pretty uneven. Bella's girls don't always match her energy, and when she's not onscreen, the spark fizzles away. But when it gets humming, it keeps it up for a good, long, nasty time. If you like mainstream girl-girl porn, give this one a go.

Bottom line: uneven, but inspired.

Greta Christina has two upcoming books: *Paying for It: A Guide by Sex Workers for Their Customers*, and *Bending*, an erotic novella.

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Mistress Cobra, Full Load: Scenes from sspread.com

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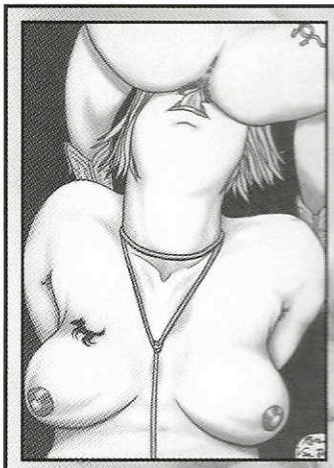

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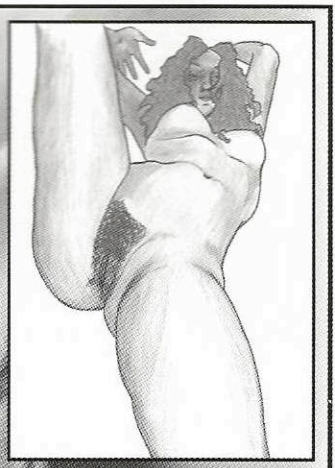

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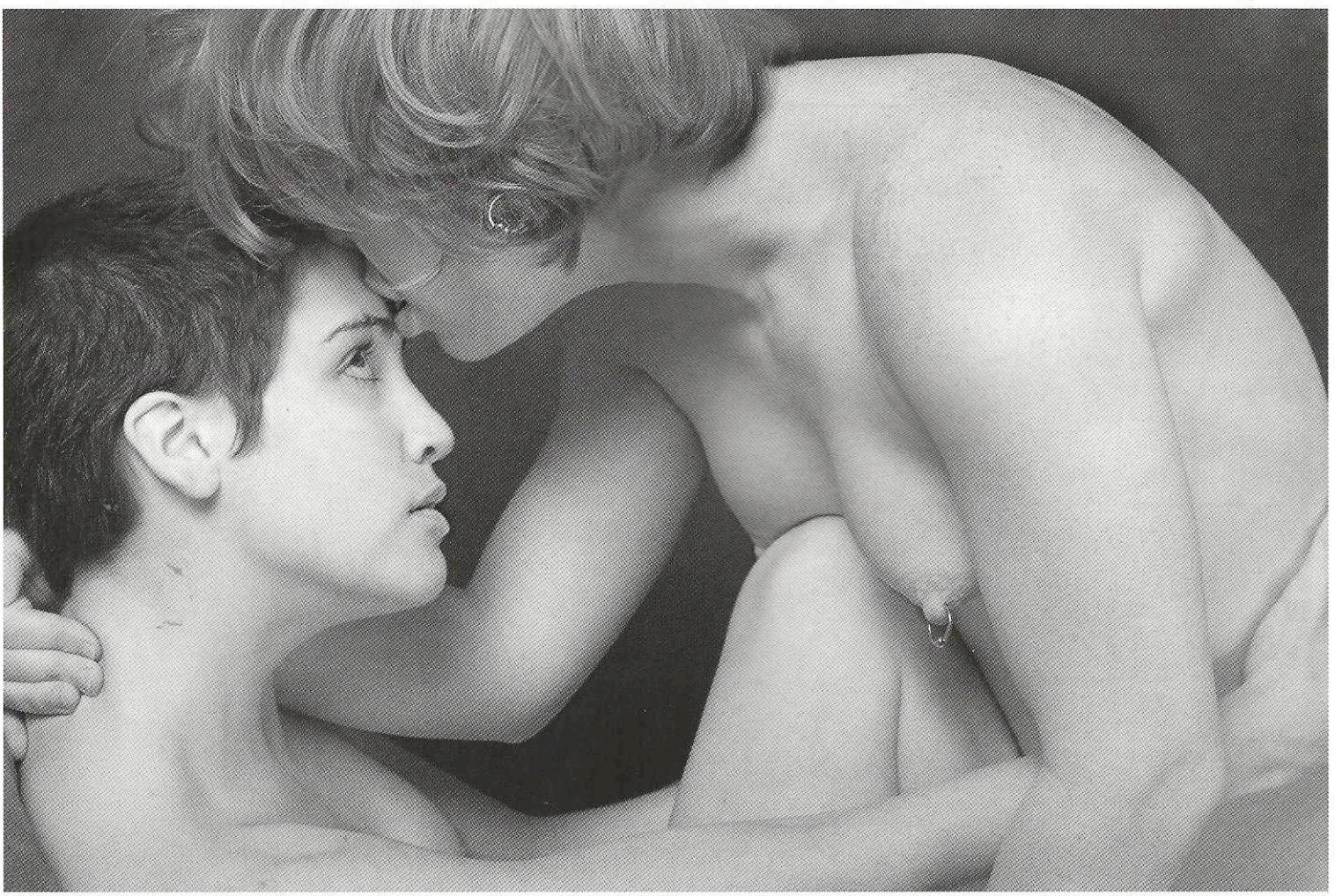
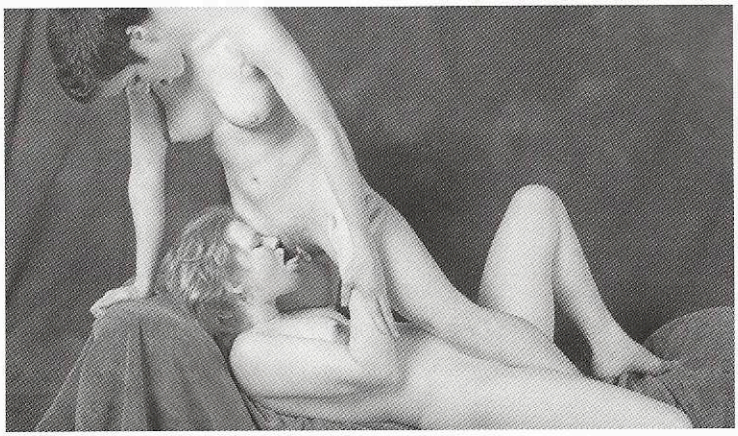
ART SLUTS IN LOVE

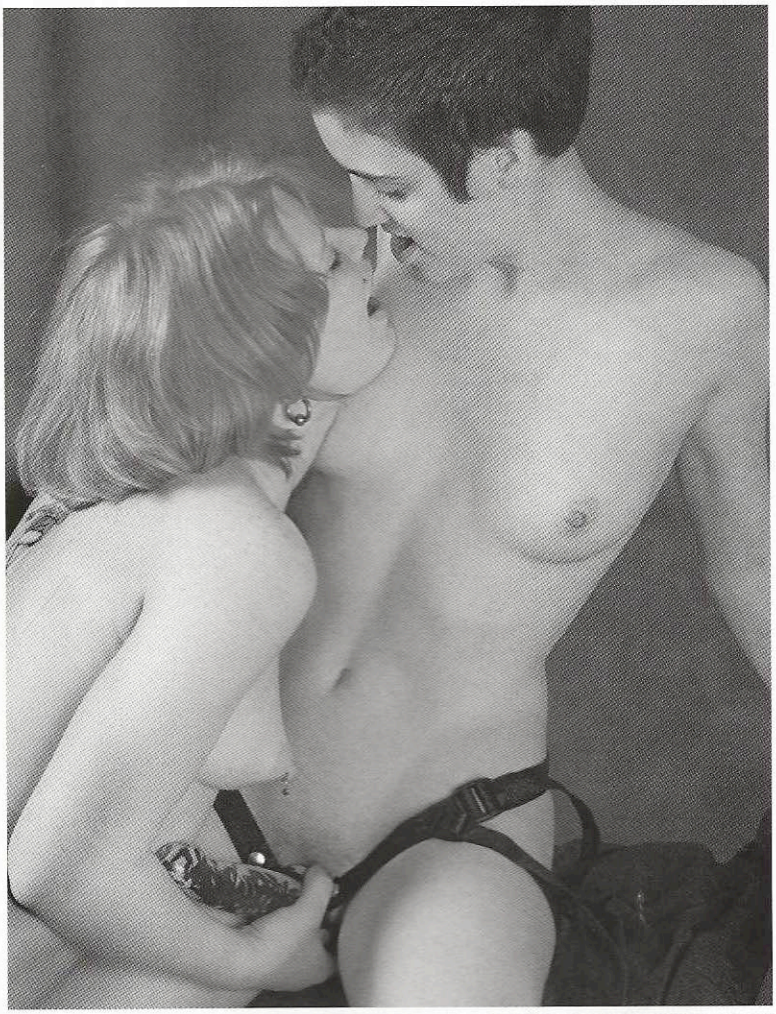
Porn and portraits at Femina Potens

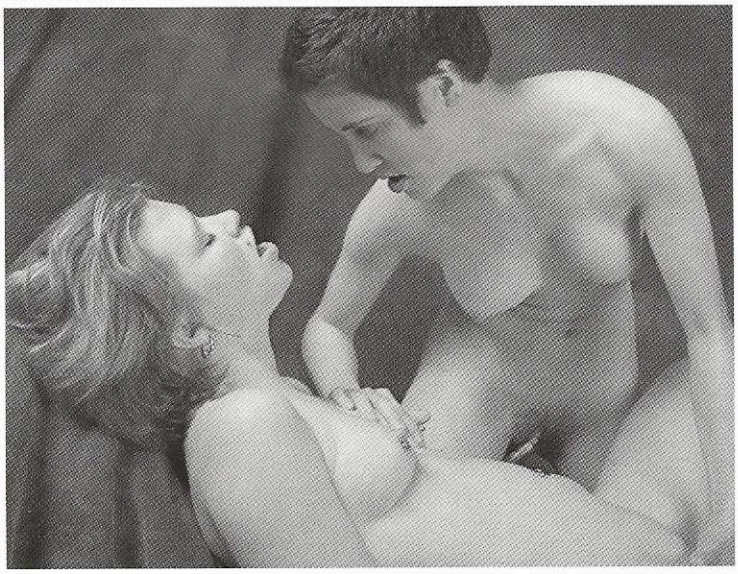
photography by MICHAEL ROSEN

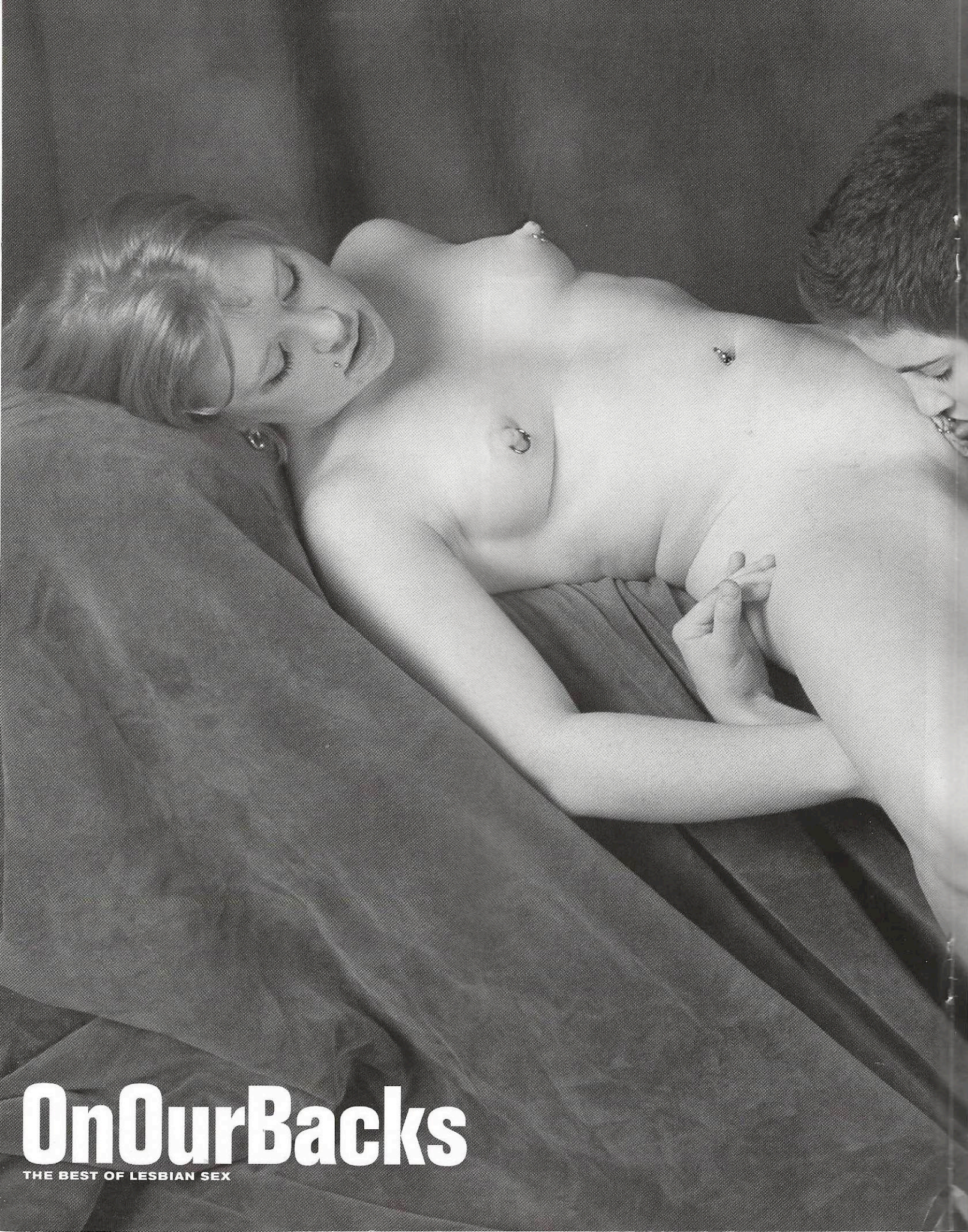
Heather groans and grips the vibrator harder as she rides wave after wave of multiple orgasms. "Come all over me, Heather," says Femina Potens gallery owner Tina to her assistant. Tina knows that a happy employee is a hard-working one, and it must be true because ever since Heather began curating for Tina's gallery, her work ethic has become much stronger. **dc**





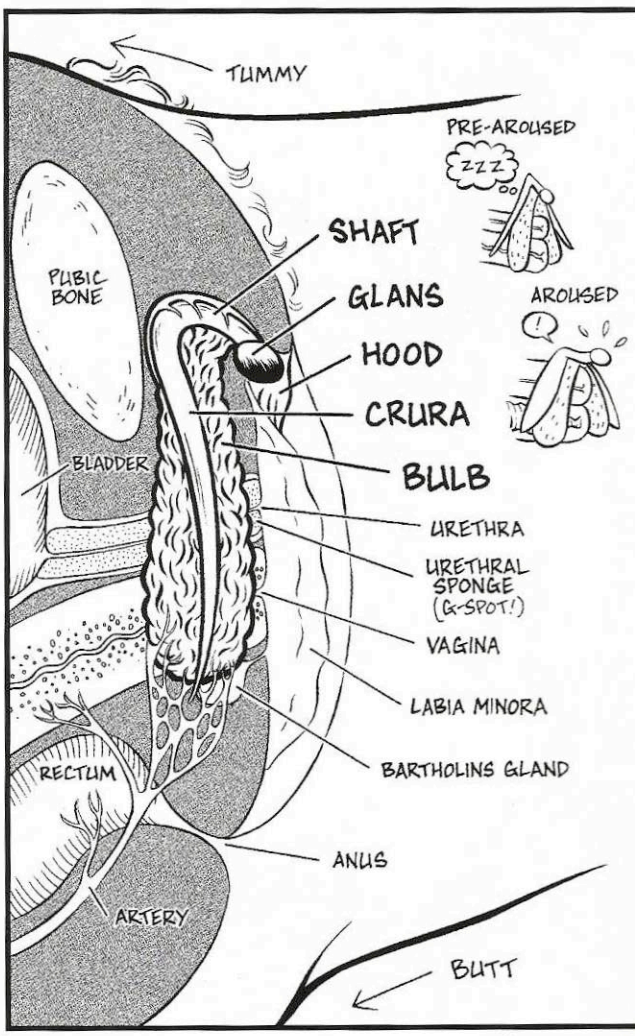






OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX



A Guided Tour of the Pleasure Palace

Brush up on your sexual anatomy and become a better lay

written by DIANA CAGE

[Excerpted from *Box Lunch: The Layperson's Guide to Cunnilingus* with permission from Alyson Publications.]

illustrations by COLLEEN COOVER

When was the last time you took a good long look at your cunt? Do you know where your clitoral cruras are? Seriously. Even if you're a hoohoo master, I'll bet you can't name all the parts of the clitoris! (Hint: What we routinely call our clit is really just the tip of the iceberg.) If you understand where everything is and what each part does, you'll have a greater mastery of your sexual response.

First stop on the pussy tour is the *mons,* or *mons veneris*, which is Latin for Mound of Venus, also known as the *mons pubis*, or just "the mound." It's the fleshy, comfy, cushy area between your legs where your bush grows. It's nicely padded to protect the pubic bone from impact during intercourse. It's a very sexually sensitive spot, and while it's not going to get anyone off, it's full of nerve endings, and lightly stroking your honey's mound before going below will fill her with shivers of delight.

Next we have the inner and outer labia. These are two sets of lips that surround all the sensitive insides. The outer lips, called the *labia majora*, are fleshy, padded, and hairy. The inner lips, or *labia minora*, are slippery little buggers that have no hair follicles. Inner lips come in every shade, from carnation pink to burgundy to dark chocolate. They are extremely sensitive, often uneven in size, and sometimes long enough to extend past the outer lips. When a woman is aroused, the inner lips fill with blood, causing them to swell and turn darker. Many women love having their inner lips stimulated–and some enjoy it more than direct stimulation of the clit.

Now we come to everyone's favorite magic bean, the *clitoris*, or "clit." The clit is where a lot of the action happens. Think of it as similar to a penis, only with *four times* as many nerve endings. The part that most of us are referring to when we talk about our clits is actually just the head, or *glans,* of our clits. The clitoris is a complex organ that pretty much extends throughout the entire genital region. Anytime you make your lady feel good by stimulating her vagina, her butthole, her lips, or anywhere else down there you're also indirectly stimulating her clit. The *clitoris* is the only organ in the human body–male or female–whose sole purpose is sexual pleasure.

The *clitoris* is a network of nerve-rich organs consisting of the *hood*, the *clitoral glans*, the *clitoral shaft*, the *crura* or legs of the clitoris, and the *clitoral bulbs*.

Until not too long ago, folks believed that the clit was just the little man in the boat and that was it. But now, thanks to awesome books like Rebecca Chalker's *The Clitoral Truth* and *A New View of a Woman's Body* by the Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers, we know that it actually has many parts.

If you pull back the *hood* of the clit you will expose the *glans* or visible nub

The CLITORIS IS A COMPLEX ORGAN that pretty much extends throughout the entire genital region.

of the clit—otherwise known as the little man (or woman) in the pink canoe. The clit has about 8,000 nerve endings–more than any other structure in the human body. It's pretty much a different size and shape on every woman. Pay close attention to the clit. It's extremely sensitive and stimulation of this baby is essential to most women's orgasms.

The clit is shrouded by the *clitoral hood*, a fold of draped tissue that keeps your sensitive button safe from over-stimulation.

The *shaft* of the clitoris runs just superior to the *clitoral glans*. Run your finger over the hood of the clit and press down on it. You should feel a rubbery cord extending up toward the bush. This cord could be anywhere from half an inch to an inch long. It's sensitive, and pressing on it should feel good. Most women will find that massaging it gets them hot.

Now we're getting to the behind-the-scenes stuff. The *shaft* of the *clitoris* extends up toward the *mons*, then it forks and bends around forming two wishbone shaped legs, or the *clitoral crura*. The *crura* run down either side of the vagina about three inches, below the surface, just behind the labia minora. The *crura* are too deep for you to feel with your fingers. But, trust me, their presence is one reason penetration can feel so heavenly.

Starting from the point where the *shaft* and *crura* meet there are another two extensions–the *clitoral bulbs*. I told you this thing was big! The *clitoral bulbs* extend internally down and underneath each of the *labia minora*. They're bigger than the crura and they fill with blood and get hard when a girl is all juiced up.

Below the clit you'll find the *urethral opening*–you know, your pee-hole. This is where urine leaves the body. It's also where ejaculate leaves the body. In both women and men the urethra is surrounded by a ring of spongy tissue that fills with fluid during arousal and this is the fluid that comes squirting out during female ejaculation. The exact make-up of this fluid is still up for debate. But everyone agrees that it isn't urine. The spongy tissue is called the *urethral sponge* or the *G spot*. It's pretty hard to locate if she's not yet turned on. But once she gets going, bam! It's a big old hard button about the size of a quarter that you can push on and rock her world. You can feel the rough texture of the G spot if you stick two fingers in your lady's honey pot and prod around up toward the front wall of her pussy. That rough, textured, bumpy area is her G spot. Push on it, and she may feel like she has to pee. That's normal, you're poking around her urethra. Or maybe it will make her eyes roll back in her head. There's no telling. For many women this is a huge erogenous zone and stimulation of the G spot may make your girlfriend act like the Sparklett's Water Fantasy show at Sea World. You know that female ejaculation thing you've heard so much about? Well, this is where it all happens, baby.

Below the *urethra* is the *vaginal opening*. We think of the vagina as a tube, but really the walls of a woman's cooch lie flat against each other until she gets hot. The vaginal walls are a mucous membrane. This is why we get slippery when turned on. The walls exude the slippery stuff that makes sex so much fun. But this slippery fun also helps to continuously flush out the whole works. The vagina is a self-cleaning organ. In other words, douching is *never* necessary. Douching is actually harmful. It fucks up the vagina's natural bacteria-killing acidic environment, leaving you open to possible infection. And no one wants to eat a snatch that tastes like Bubbalicious anyway.

When a woman gets all juiced up, the outer, nerve-rich section of the snatch tightens up and gets hard, but the back two-thirds of the sexual hallway–the less sensitive section–expands dramatically in length and width. This process is called *tenting*, and it's what makes vaginal fisting so awesome. There's a lot more room in a pussy than you'd imagine.

Below the vaginal opening are two tiny little bean-sized glands called the *Bartholins glands*. These babies don't do much except provide small amounts of lube during sex. They can get blocked and swell up, a painful and annoying event, but not life threatening.

For most women reading this book, I'm guessing your *hymens* were obliterated long ago. But let's just pretend you've still got a cherry. It would be a thin membrane of tissue stretched across the opening of your hole. Most of the time this thing breaks before you ever get around to sticking anything up there. Just about any kind of strenuous activity can pop your cherry.

The *cervix* is the opening to the *uterus*. If you stick your fingers up into the vagina you'll feel a round knob-like thing. It's a bit (doggie) nose-like. Yep, that's the cervix. This is the place from which menstrual blood escapes every month. While it has no nerve endings on its surface, the cervix responds to pressure. Bumping into it with a blunt object can feel good, or it can really hurt. Depends on the lady.

NOW TEST YOUR PUSSY KNOWLEDGE!

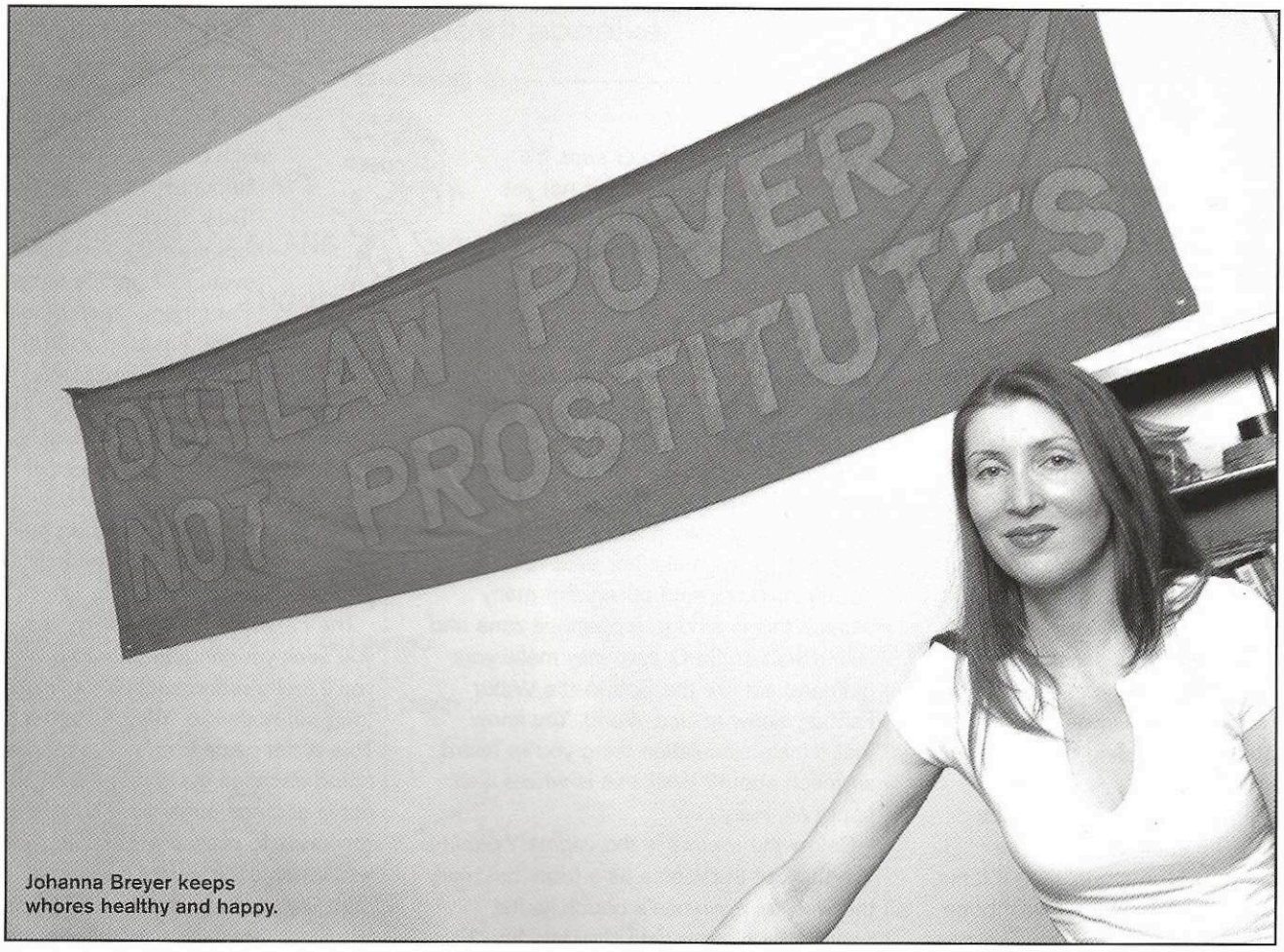
1) The vagina:
a. has teeth
b. should smell like grape Bubbalicious
c. "tents" during sexual arousal

2) The clitoris
a. is just a cute little nubbin
b. is actually an entire network of complex and nerve-rich organs
c. is the way to a woman's heart

3) The G-spot
a. is a myth
b. is a lesbian bar in Los Angeles
c. might just make your lady go Boom!

4) The vulva
a. is the name of the entire female genital area
b. is a well-engineered Swedish car
c. is often portrayed as a flower in feminist artwork

Key:
1. c 2. b 3. c 4. a



Johanna Breyer keeps whores healthy and happy.

CARING FOR SEX WORKERS

The St. James Infirmary is the first occupational health clinic of its kind.

interview by
LORI SELKE
photography by
PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

One night a week, the St. James Infirmary sets up shop in the SOMA district of San Francisco. For three solid hours, it provides drop-in health care to sex workers of all stripes, from all over the Bay Area–first come, first served. All services–from STD testing to gynecological exams to full-body massage–are 100 percent free. The infirmary is the only occupational health clinic for sex workers in the country. It takes a nonjudgmental attitude toward its clients–in stark contrast to most programs targeted toward sex workers, which usually seek to "save" sex workers and often make leaving their job a prerequisite for providing help. Johanna Breyer, a former exotic dancer, helped found the Infirmary in 1999. She now acts as the clinic's Director of Social Services.

On Our Backs: Some of the problems that sex workers face getting good health care must be similar to the issues that lesbians face. Has the clinic found allies in the queer movement?

Johanna Breyer: We've definitely collaborated. Whatever's declared "deviant," we're all lumped together. The clinic participates in the Pride celebration to raise money and heighten awareness.

OOB: The clinic involves a lot of sex workers on the staff and board. What's the philosophy behind that?

JB: The board of directors has to be at least two-thirds current, former, or transitioning sex workers; the other third are doctors, lawyers, or public health workers who have had experience working with us. We try to keep the same structure with the staff as well. Obviously, not all of the clinical providers are sex workers, but we're slowly

building up to that. We're peer-based in that respect; our goal is to make health care accessible and community-driven, and hopefully people enjoy themselves a little bit while they're with us. We're trying to create a bit of fun.

OOB: I'm sure it helps that your goal isn't to "reform" your patients. Has that approach hurt your chances for funding?

JB: A lot of [funders] take issue with the criminal aspect of [prostitution]: "You're working with a criminal population; what are you doing to get them out of there?" And that's not really our focus. We are harm reductionists: we're out there so that people have resources so that what they're doing is safe for themselves and for other people. We don't make any judgments. So we rely a lot on both volunteer support and the individual donations. That's the money we like, because it comes without strings.

OOB: What are some of the organizations that are funding you?

JB: Right now a lot of it comes from the Department of Public Health, the AIDS office. So we have an HIV prevention grant that covers a lot of the non-medical stuff that we do, our outreach efforts, counselling, and testing. We get some other grants from private foundations—we've been funded by the California Endowment, the Ford Foundation, San Francisco Foundation.

OOB: How did the clinic get started?

JB: The St. James Infirmary is actually a collaboration. It was founded by [the sex worker advocate organization] Call off Your Old Tired Ethics [COYOTE], which was founded by Margo St. James back in the early seventies. We named the clinic to honor her. The other partners are the Exotic Dancers Alliance, which I co-founded in 1993, and the STD Prevention and Control Services Unit of the San Francisco Health Department. In 1999 we opened our doors, but we really started planning about five years before that. It was always a dream of a lot of sex worker community members in San Francisco.

OOB: What services do you provide?

JB: We have primary medical care services. We also provide transgender health care services, so we do hormone therapy and maintenance. We have Hepatitis A and B vaccinations, Hep C testing, TB [tuberculosis] testing, testing for sexually transmitted infections and HIV, on-site treatments for STDs. We also have acupuncture and massage, chiropractic. On Wednesday nights we have on-site mental health counselling now. Food, clothing, condoms. We have some support groups going on, and we'll have more this year in our new space.

OOB: The clinic is involved in San Francisco's medical community, right?

JB: We do prevention outreach and community trainings. We teach an elective course at UCSF called Sex Worker Health for first- and second-year med students. It's great: we get free labor, and they get experience on the job! And we have internships and apprenticeships so sex workers can come and have on-the-job training.

OOB: I am curious about the apprenticeship program.

JB: Honestly, most of our staff were originally participants in the program. They came in, accessed services, then filled out a volunteer application, and now they're on staff. It's great because they're able to work in a comfortable setting, among their sex worker peers, but at the same time they are getting some tangible stuff they can put on their résumé because the clinic is a legitimate nonprofit. We've been able to tap into some outside training opportunities on occasion, computer stuff, writing skills, things like that.

OOB: A lot of people still think that STDs are the only occupational health hazard that sex workers face.

JB: It definitely varies depending on what type of sex work you do. I used to dance, so I can definitely speak for myself and other dancers in saying that a lot of what we experienced had to do with walking around in five-inch heels: ankle pain, knee pain, lower back pain. Neck pain, especially if you're doing lap dancing. Stress is a pretty big one. Related to that, there's a sense of isolation, especially for people doing in-call [where a client will hire an escort based in her or his home]. You're sitting around waiting for e-mail or the phone to ring, so you are basically with yourself, and that can be stressful.

OOB: What's the most unexpected health problem you've run into?

JB: I've seen folks in the acupuncture room with carpal tunnel pain. It could be from hand jobs. It could be a combination of that and working on the computer, so it's a double whammy. We're still in the process of making sense of some of the clinical findings.

OOB: You offer a lot of alternative health services. Why is that?

JB: It was really important to offer a combination [of Eastern and Western medicines], knowing that traditional health care didn't always work for sex workers. Beyond that, the Health Department wasn't always an ally of the sex work community. I think some of the philosophies that are part of Eastern medicine are more true to our core philosophies about healing and harm reduction.

> "We're out there so that people have resources so that WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS SAFE FOR THEMSELVES and for other people. We don't make any judgments."

OOB: At this point you're open one night a week. How many people do you see?

JB: Wednesday is our flagship night; we're going to add another shift. The average is thirty-five people every Wednesday from six to nine. We've seen over fifty in that three-hour period before.

OOB: That's a busy night!

JB: It is. At this point, we have over 700 unduplicated clients, which is pretty incredible. Beyond that, we've seen thousands through our outreach program.

OOB: Would you like to let readers know how to donate and volunteer?

JB: Yes, and we love to have sex workers apply. Also, we're always looking for people of color and people who speak other languages. We only ask that people not come by the clinic to volunteer. oob

TO DONATE AND VOLUNTEER:

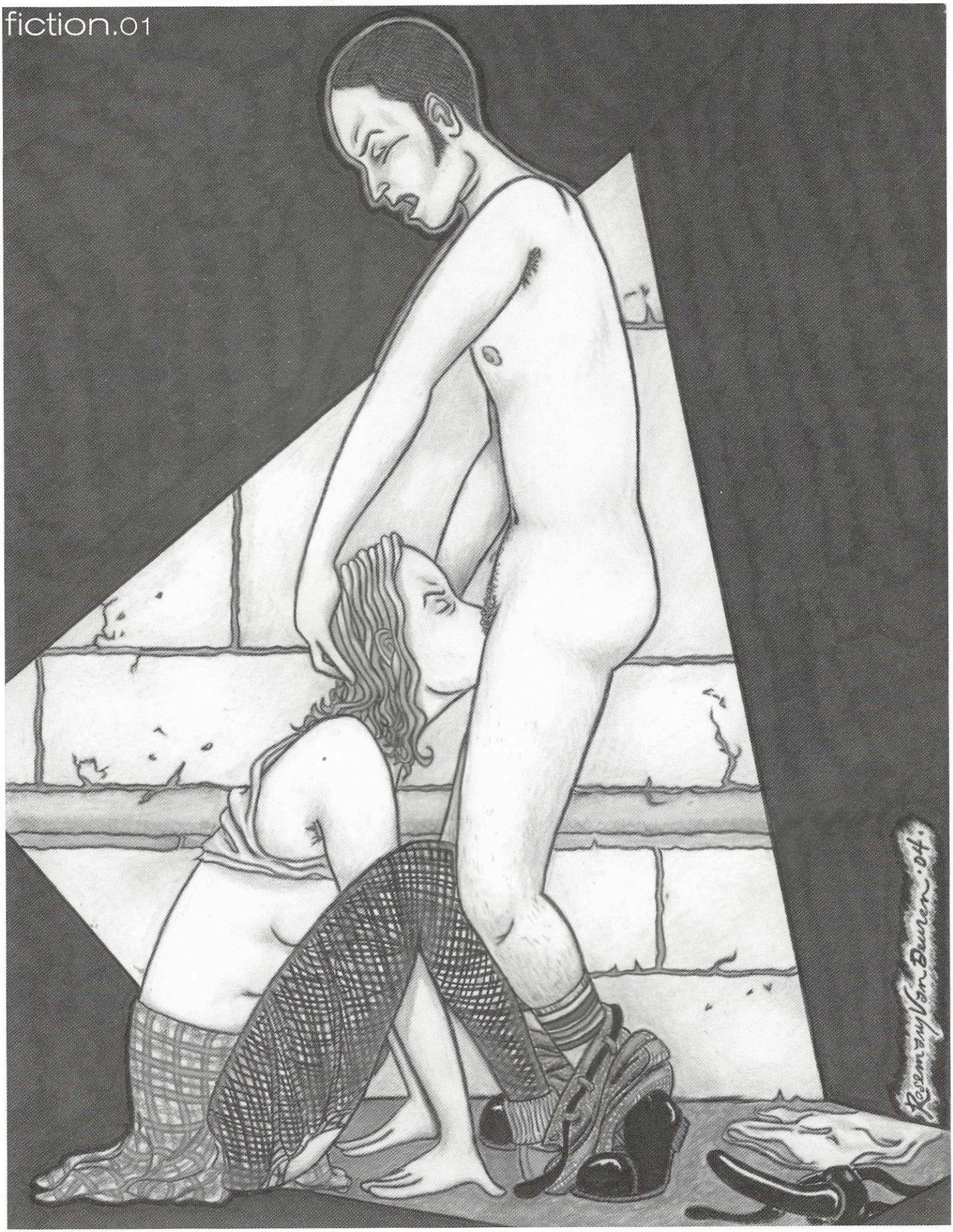
The St. James Infirmary welcomes you to send a donation to 1372 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Volunteers can fill out an application at www.stjamesinfirmary.com.

Sharon + Dana

photography by David Steinberg

Give it to me one more time

Sharon and Dana are both happy in new relationships, but their desire for each other still burns strong. "Damn, I miss fucking you," said Dana when she ran into Sharon at a spoken word event. The words hung in the air between them, until Sharon grabbed Dana and kissed her hard. It was just the push she needed to take Dana home and give her one last fuck. **dc**


Rosemary Bauer '04

COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR ME

My boyfriend was a lesbian porn star. She used to be a lesbian. Sometimes he still is. We met on butch-femme.com. I know. But having plowed through most of the butches in New York like a dyke dervish on a quest for the holy clit, I needed something new. So I imported. Answered an ad on the opposite coast. A sex ad. "Transgender butch boi seeks slippery submissive femme for surreptitious sex and spankings." Alliteration makes me wet. So do spankings. I fired off an immediate response, safe in the knowledge that since Mr. Tranny Butch Boi was so far away, nothing was likely to come of it. He said he was always packing, so I asked if he traveled. "If you're ever in New York," I taunted, "let me know, and I'll meet you in a nice dark alley somewhere."

When I saw his picture, I recognized him immediately. There was no mistaking the cool blue gaze, shoulders too broad to be a girl's, lips too lush to belong to a boy. The gentle slope of nose a stark, breathtaking contrast to the strong, angular jaw. The sexy blond wave of hair screaming "stroke me." I knew his face well, though we'd never met. I'd been watching him for years, had jerked off to him furtively all through college.

"Forgive me," my e-mail began politely. "I don't mean to be impudent, but you look really familiar. Is it possible, by any chance, have you, um, starred in any lesbian porn? I'm thinking *Go, Dyke, Go 2*, *3*, and *4*—my personal favorite series—the scene where the pregnant femme is picnicking with her girlfriend and out of nowhere this big butch stud comes in with a toolbox, fucks her sweetly up the ass, and then leaves?" I'd said too much. Or just enough.

I stared at the screen barely blinking for five full minutes until the reply came. "Yes, that's me."

My wet dream come true.

I immediately confessed to blowing off my college graduation party to cram into a crowded dorm room to watch and rewind and watch that scene over and over again. My femme friend and I convinced the only girl on campus with a VCR to let us take over her room. She was a religion major. When we popped in the video, she murmured, "Oh my god."

I quickly bought my own copy and displayed the glossy cardboard box as a catalyst for countless conversations. The cover featured the blond beefcake butch towering above his costars, staring straight ahead with that cocky gaze a silent, relentless dare. A ripped men's work shirt hung open, revealing the impossibly smooth expanse of skin beneath. Tight abs and completely flat chest—he looked like a boy even then. For years, I watched my favorite blond porn star over my girlfriend's shoulder as she fucked me, my eyes intent on my pet porn stud's ass, perfectly framed by the leather harness. I fantasized about my own private audition for *Go, Dyke, Go*, of starring opposite this butch, becoming the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers of the L.A. lezzie porn set.

> The labels fell away as EASILY AS OUR CLOTHES.

And now here he was, chatting me up and asking if I had a hot date for Valentine's Day. "Well," I thought, "I do now." His porn career behind him, he'd moved on to documentaries chronicling his patient, thoughtful, continuing transition from female toward male. I've always been drawn to masculine women. When you have to ask "Is that a boy or a girl?" is about when I get interested. The answer is less important than the question. So what could be hotter than having my genderfuck porn star fantasy come to New York on Valentine's Day to fuck me with his cock as hard as Cupid's arrow—the strap-on kind *and* the one he was growing himself?

He sent an enticing photo of himself modeling the detachable version—a primed, jutting, huge dick complete with balls in a smooth, inky, rich jet black that matched his harness. My own dyke daddy Dirk Diggler. He called it the big black nemesis. Simultaneously thrilled and terrified, I searched the Internet, hoping to learn its exact dimensions to see what I was getting myself into. I'd had the courage and audacity in moments to refer to myself as a size queen, but this was quite frankly the largest dildo I'd ever seen, and it was more than a little daunting. What if he was too big? What if I blew it?

Despite searching all the sex toy stores and bravely asking for it by name, I was unsuccessful in determining the dildo's dimensions, so I started training with my girly gold glitter dick. I popped in the video. That's the cool thing about dating a porn star—how many girls get to preview their lover before they actually meet? Already I knew his voice, the sharp sure thrusts of his hips, how he looked fucking a girl, how he'd look fucking me. What I couldn't imagine was how it would feel.

But my fantasy went like this: I find him at the airport gate, and before I can ask how the flight was or even confirm that it's him, his mouth probes my lips, devouring my tongue. He guides me to a dimly lit passageway, and all at once, my back is

continued on page 42

by BREE COVEN • illustration by ROSEMARY VAN DEUREN

LESSON LEARNED

story by BRIDGET CANNON
illustration by LAURENN MCCUBBIN

I'm in the bathroom stall at school, fifteen minutes before my Russian lit class with my pants around my ankles and my middle finger buried deep in my snatch. I was sitting in an empty classroom reading when I imagined that I heard her voice and it made me wet. On the first floor of the bustling humanities building in the back of campus in a very public bathroom I'm pressed up against the stall and holding my breath. I can't get a good angle and my feet are all twisted up. I'm dreading the moment that the line of impatient ladies waiting for their turn begins.

It's been three months, seven days, four hours, and twenty-two minutes since she slammed the car door in my face and I drove away to school on a different coast. Well, not exactly. I've not really been counting. C's back home 2,578 miles away, shelving books, making coffee, and winking at other girls.

I remember the last time she fucked me in a public bathroom. I came hard against her cock, with one finger on my clit. She left the stall and washed up with a wicked grin, leaving me alone to recuperate against the cold porcelain.

We were out at a show, watching the Gossip tear through a set at King's. She was drinking PBRs all night, twisting the caps off under that fucking sexy Lonestar belt buckle from the State Fair. Her hair was perfectly slicked back, black and shiny, like Sal Mineo–her face a perfect balance between boy and girl. I was dancing until my skirt got all twisted, watching her from the corner of the stage and getting jealous when she made eyes at the singer.

She was always doing that; looking at other girls like it wasn't anything. And after all the shit we'd been through with her ex, I wasn't having it. Anna started coming around the minute we got serious, trying to get back what she'd given up. C gave her a little taste of what she'd been missing one drunk night and I was still pissed.

"What the hell're you doing?" I panted.

"What do you mean?" She shot back. Her brown eyes were sly and fox-like.

"You know what. Stop undressing her with your goddamn eyes." I'd had one too many of whatever as I nodded toward the stage.

"Stop your shit. Jealous much?" Was her not-so-sensitive reply.

She was three kinds of cocky that night. Not only did she know her hair looked damn good, but she was packing in those old Levi 501's; she always had a little extra swagger on those beery nights. "Fuck you, jerk. I'm going to the bathroom and then I'm leaving. You find your own damn way home." I was feeling pretty damn good myself when I spun around and stalked off through the crowd to the toilets at the back of the bar.

I had just walked into the last empty stall when I sensed her right behind me. Fighting was like an appetizer to C, with fucking as the main course. Even when I was pissed off with her, I still liked a good meal too.

She pushed me up against the cold metal wall hard and slammed the door shut, hook and all. I was looking eye to eye with some band flyer printed white on black, the Butchies. "What the fu-?" I started puffing myself up self-righteously and began to turn around.

"Hush." Her right hand snaked around and covered my mouth up while her left got a good steady grip on my hip. I felt her grind up against my backside hard, her cock trying to insinuate itself through four layers of clothes and inside my ass. I liked sex that was rough and raw, and that suited her fine. I decided against biting her good and hard, and settled for a low moan and a shift backward. My cunt got wet and hot when she started breathing on the back of my neck, nipping kisses at the hairline. "Now just what were you saying?" Her hand was still over my mouth so I couldn't say shit, instead I tried again to turn around. I couldn't say how much it bothered me when she didn't watch me dance, her eyes tracing every line of my body. I liked to look at her when I shook my tits and think about how she was going to fuck me when we got home.

"Oh uh-uh darlin'. I don't think so." Her voice was husky but I could just hear it over the throb of guitars and the thrum from between my legs. I lose my sense of hearing when I get all hot and bothered. She let go of me for a quick second to open her button-fly and then I felt her stiffy rubbing all over my ass. I felt it all warm in my guts, not just in my cunt.

She touched the HEAD OF HER COCK to my sorest spot.

"You think you're hot shit don'tcha?" She worked her hand down in front of me and started kneading my crotch. I could hear someone in the next stall or the one after give a long cocaine snort as I reached back to feel for her cock. C grabbed my hand and twisted it up between us, wrenching my shoulder and holding my arm there between our bodies. "No you don't." She squeezed my jaw a little tighter and I licked her fingers and the beer sweat in between them.

continued on page 42

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coming soon

against the wall and his hand is under my skirt. It's so fast, but I don't say no. I want it, too. He's horny, like a boy, biting my neck, pinning me down with an unmistakable hardness straining through his jeans that I know he chose for me.

His hand is quick–the condom glides on and he nudges against my clit, which pulses dramatically. I lose my breath, then find it, pushing my pelvis against him, willing his cock to slip inside me on its own. His hand moves between my legs, stroking me lightly, then pushing in hard.

I turn myself over to his care, my breasts his to beat and bruise and bathe with his tongue, my velvety bare pussy his to invade, consume, and display. He sears into me and my head, heart, cunt open to him, welcoming, buckling, giving way. The contrast of his impossibly soft skin enveloping solid muscle is mirrored in his fucking: the hard, soft, rough, gentle, sweet, vicious, tender, savage, voracious ravaging of my body just past breaking point. I did not know what need was. I have only wanted.

His cock pushes sounds from deep in my throat, and I cry out, flooding us both with an orgasmic display that rivals the professionals. I grunt and wail and he smothers my mouth with his.

Suddenly my mouth aches for him. I suck at the empty air, searching with every breath for his cock. He tears off the harness and tosses it aside. I part him and discover the biggest boy-clit I've ever seen. I grab his furry ass, and take his perfect mouthful of cock between my lips. It lengthens and stiffens against the flat of my tongue. I suck with a ferocious thirst to feed on him, fiercely working his cocklet as the tension in his thighs builds and he clamps down, his legs squeezing the sides of my head. His full weight collapses against me, and he finally relaxes, taking my hand in his, still sticky with me, and we walk out together, flushed and calm, impervious, untouchable.

Envisioning this scenario, I coaxed orgasm after salty orgasm from my sopping, aching cunt, and by the time he arrived, I was no longer scared of his big black nemesis, I was hungry for it. He was exactly as I imagined—a pulsing, vibrant version of the freeze frame fantasy in my VCR.

The fantasy continued for months without interruption. As he said, it's not about the destination. It's the trip. We didn't miss a stop on the subversive sexuality spectrum, stretching to fill the vast landscape of erotic possibility in the space between boy and girl, fantasy and reality. This lesbian porn star became my first boyfriend, and I found our inconsistency irresistible. The labels fell away as easily as our clothes. All that was left was throat-parching desire. Be my boyfriend, my girlfriend, my porn star, my lover, my fantasy, my special occasion, my every day, my ritual, my heat, my heart. Just be mine. And let me be yours. Your little angel baby girl, booty call princess, girlfriend lover, slut whore bitch. For more than male or female, boy or girl, he was a top. You can call him he or she, but I called him Daddy as I begged him to please, please fuck me, just like those girls in his movies. And he did. oob

continued from page 40

lesson learned

Her other hand went back to my snatch, tugging at it through the damp fabric. She pulled up my skirt slowly, skimming long, thin fingers over my thick thighs until she reached my panties, the ones she knew she'd already soaked. My nipples were hard and bruising against the cold wall.

Her fingers found my lips quickly and stroked the outside of them. She rubbed her rubber cock down toward my legs until it was caught between my thighs. She pinched at my clit and tugged at my lips until I started arching my back, trying to actively impale myself on her hand or cock or both.

"C'mere." She dropped her hand from my drenched cunt and ran it down my leg, pulling my thigh up to brace my Converse high-tops on the toilet's lid. With my arm still tucked between us, palm flat on her breastbone she moved me away from the wall and into a position she liked.

"Bend over," C instructed. I did just that, my tongue still making contact with her salty hand. "Spread for me, girl." And I did, moving my legs those few inches she needed to touch the head of her cock to my sorest spot. I groaned and could have cum that second but she pulled back the centimeters that stopped me.

After a long pause, C inched her cock into my pussy, making me open up for her. She was bent over me gently then, biting and sucking my shoulder through the thin cotton of my T-shirt. I didn't think I could stand it, this slow torture. I wanted it. I wanted her now. I bit the base of her thumb until I thought she would yell. It was one surefire way to get what I wanted.

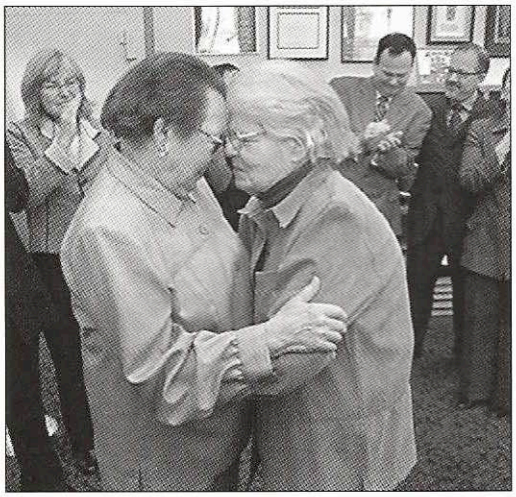
Instead, she yanked her hand away. She grabbed my ponytail and wrapped her injured hand up in my hair. She moved her mouth away from me then and straightened up.

"You want it rough, huh?" And then she started fucking me. "You. Got. It." No preamble, no more time to adjust my cunt to her thickness. She just started fucking me fast and hard, slamming and jamming into me until I could feel her cock low in my stomach. She yanked my head back in rhythm with her pounding. She was just fucking and fucking and fucking me. I could feel that pulse in my cunt that means my time is coming soon. I came screaming and shuddering and crying her name.

That's it, that memory. The moment I needed to feel. I slip my finger in again fast and fierce. I let my breath go in a slow motion and feel my orgasm rippling up inside of me in waves. I shove my elbow back and flush before I exhale with a tiny moan. She would have never stood for this display of propriety, would demand I make my presence known with a sigh or a scream. I hear the girl beside me letting her piss go and the little sigh with it. I smile sadly and button up. C is so far away from me right now and I don't know if she'll ever be close again. My legs feel like I've been fucked for hours as I unlock the door and go to wash my hands. oob

media.whore

compiled by Marissa Pareles + Diana Cage



←"We didn't really think about this before, because we didn't think it was possible, now, so much has changed...and everyone's working so hard to get gay marriage. It didn't seem right to say 'no.'"

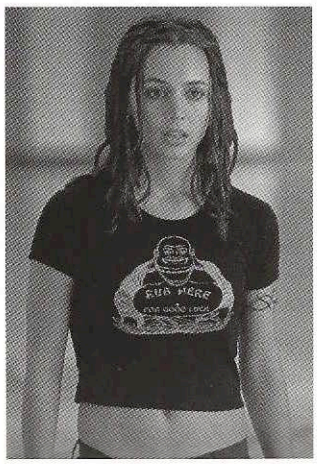
Phyllis Lyon on being asked by NCLR director Kate Kendell to marry her partner of fifty years, Del Martin, after San Francisco mayor Gavin Newsom pushed through his plan to offer marriage licenses to same-sex couples, as quoted on www.sfgate.com

The answer is: C. They leapt onto a cafeteria table, yelled, **'End homophobia now,'** and kissed."

Nerve.com Interactive Quiz, "The Year in Sex: Test Your Carnal Knowledge of 2003." The question was, "How did two Maryland high school girls complete the following English assignment: 'Engage in a nonconformist act inspired by Henry David Thoreau and Ralph Waldo Emerson?'"

"That is such a gross expression, 'eat me out.' Yikes! Maybe if you refer to it in a different way, your girlfriend won't be disgusted by the idea."

The entire response of Dr. Susan Ball, MD, to a woman whose girlfriend doesn't want to perform oral sex in The Advocate



↑ "Missy looks like an über-dork."

Snide cheerleader (played by Clare Kramer) in the WB's broadcast of cult film Bring It On. *The original line, which refers to the sexually ambiguous teen gymnast played by Eliza Dushku, is "Missy looks like an über-dyke."*

↑ "It was contrived. I mean, maybe it would have been more interesting if Britney was spread-eagled and Madonna had a strap-on."

Jenna Jameson to VH1 on the Britney/Madonna kiss at the 2003 MTV Music Video Awards

"Some femme...just some femme. I met her at a party three weeks ago, but now she's like *e-mailing* me and I'm just like, chill *out*, bitch!...Some of these chicks, it's like you top them once and then they're all up in your face. It's like, did I get you off? Yes. Am I your new best friend? No. You know what I'm saying, bro?"

Boi to boi at New York lesbian club Meow Mix, as reported in Ariel Levy's "Where the Bois Are," New York Magazine

PHYLLIS LYON AND DEL MARTIN: SFGATE.COM

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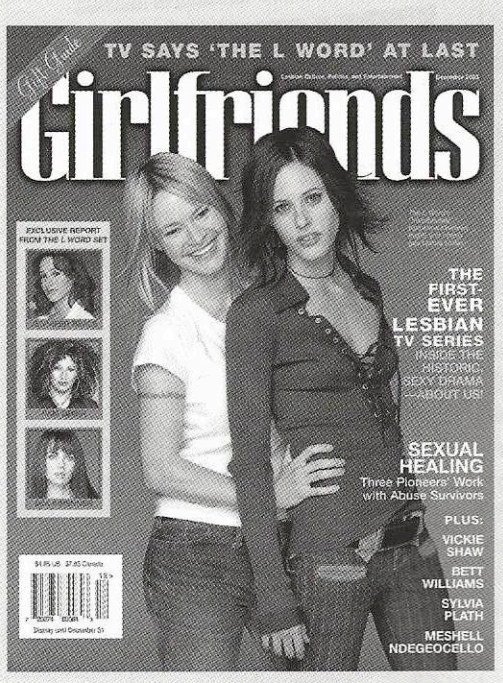

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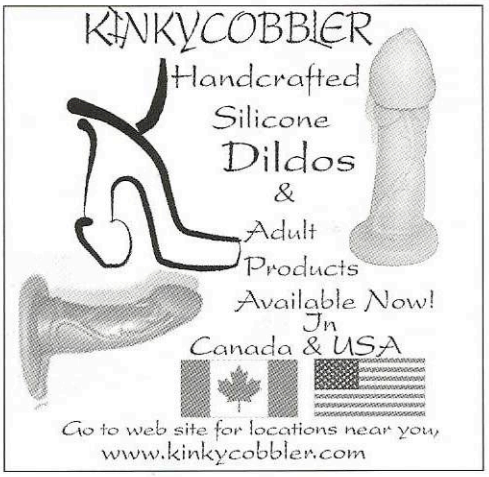
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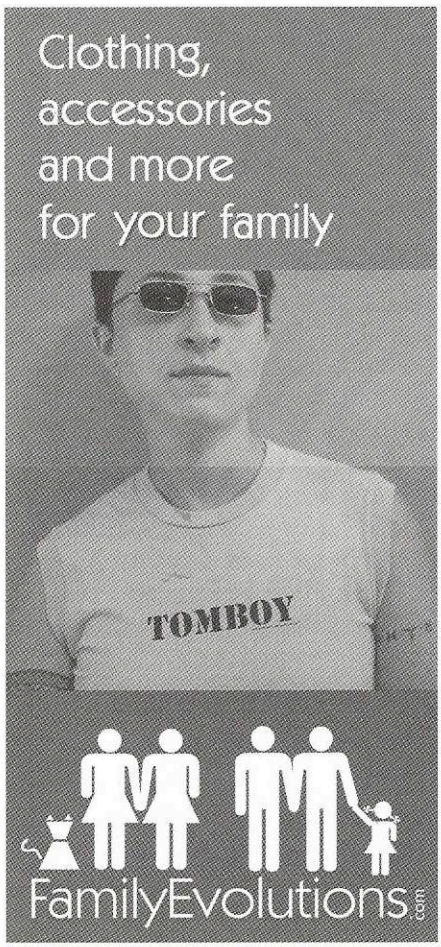

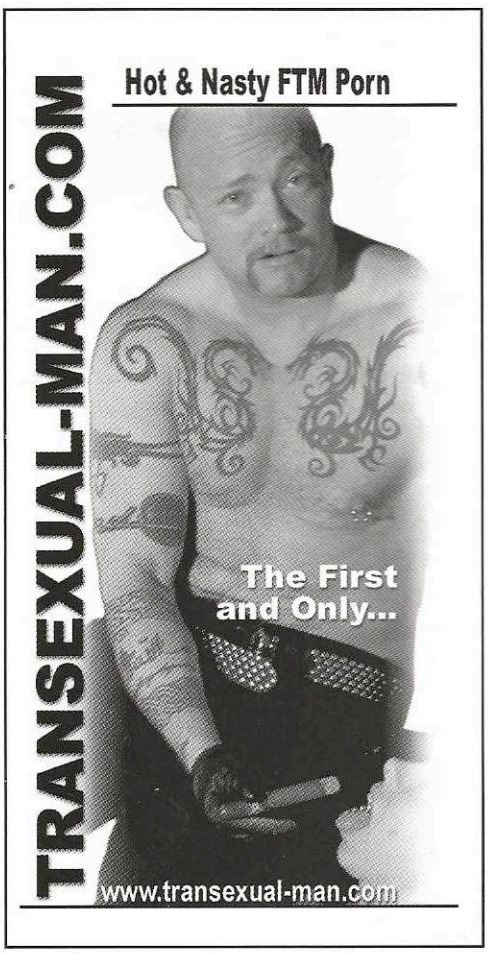

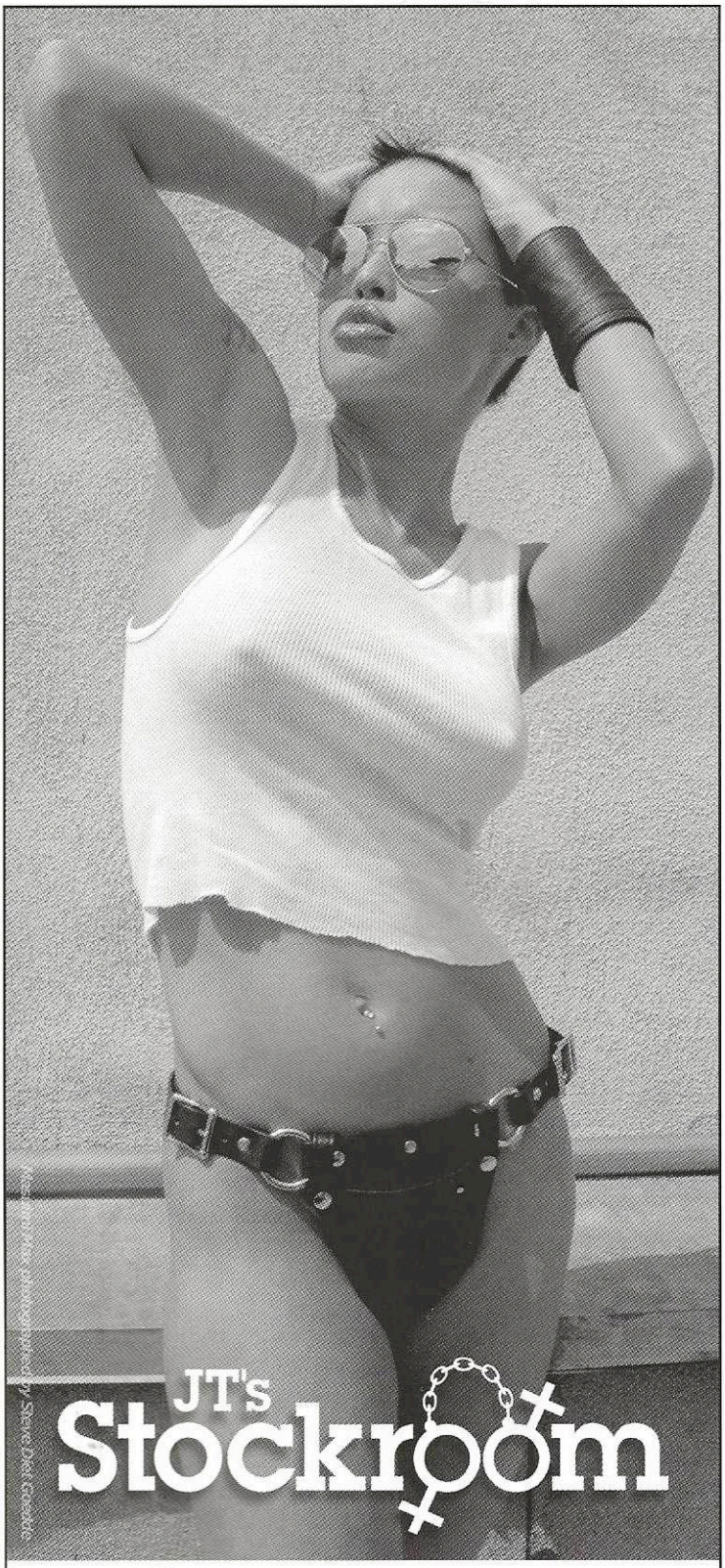

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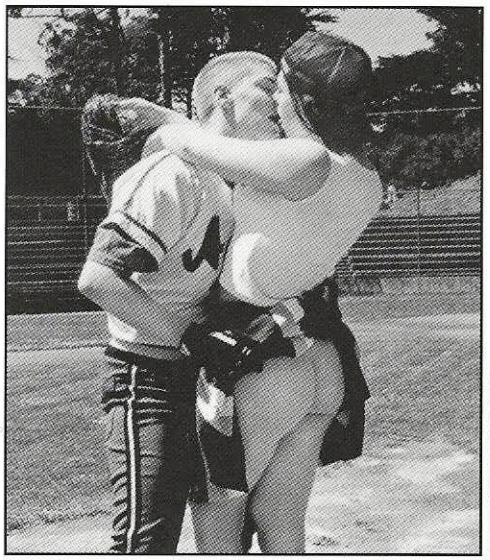
Do **Jocks** Get **You Hot?**

compiled by Bridget Cannon



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

O Captain, My Captain

Yeah, my new girlfriend is a big jock. She's the captain of the women's rowing team and besides being one big quivering muscle, she roars like a cougar in bed. Every time we have sex I feel like I've been beaten by a blunt object and I keep coming back for more. She has great arms, huge quads, big delts, large everything. I like it when I can take the captain down a notch and show her who's really in charge of the ship. *Lindsey*

Hard Up for Love

No, because they're too hard and rough-looking. With all those muscles and veins, they're too butch and unapproachable. I like soft females who're prettier than me. Someone who spends more time in the mirror than me, who cares enough to look good when we go out. Someone who looks like I could just hug them or something, not all hard-body. *Suge*

Spike and Score

Still in her volleyball uniform with kneepads around her ankles, Meg fucked me in a shower stall after the game. With women showering on both sides of us, we fucked up against the wall. Meg had thick, callused fingers and broad shoulders. She stretched me wide open, me on one leg with the other one braced against the wall. I wasn't a player, only an occasional fan of the game until then. *Chelsea*

Cross Cuntry

The cross country jocks with their tight hot asses snugged in oh-so-short terry cloth running shorts are the ones that always get my panties ruffled. I get wet listening to my girlfriend's hardcore stories about running in pouring rain and splashing into puddles–stories of running so hard she collapsed at the finish line to vomit. Never has a story with vomit in its content made my clit so hard. My mind races to imagine her with beads of sweat running down her beautiful body. They start at her neck, where I love to sink my teeth. They make their way down to her breasts, where my lips love to lie. My hands roam her body and make their way under running shorts to find their own puddles to jump into. *Tina*

Want Fries with That?

Shakira is the epitome of the perfect body to me. I'm really not into jocks and hard-bodies. I prefer really curvy bodies with a lot of softness. Femmes get me really hot especially with a lot of boobs and booty. Defined muscle is nice but not when it's ripply and veiny. All those muscles are unattractive to me because they don't shake. So Shakira, if you're reading this, call me! *Lisa*

Moist for Missy

I am normally into very girly girls. That didn't keep me from stopping dead in my tracks when I saw Missy Giovi on the cover of *Girlfriends* magazine last year. Not only does she have a rock-hard sexy body, but the use of electrical tape as pasties really pushed my button. Of course I bought the magazine and was caught by my skirted girlfriend in a little private fantasy time. She thought Missy was hot, too. And, since we were both excited... *Tisha*

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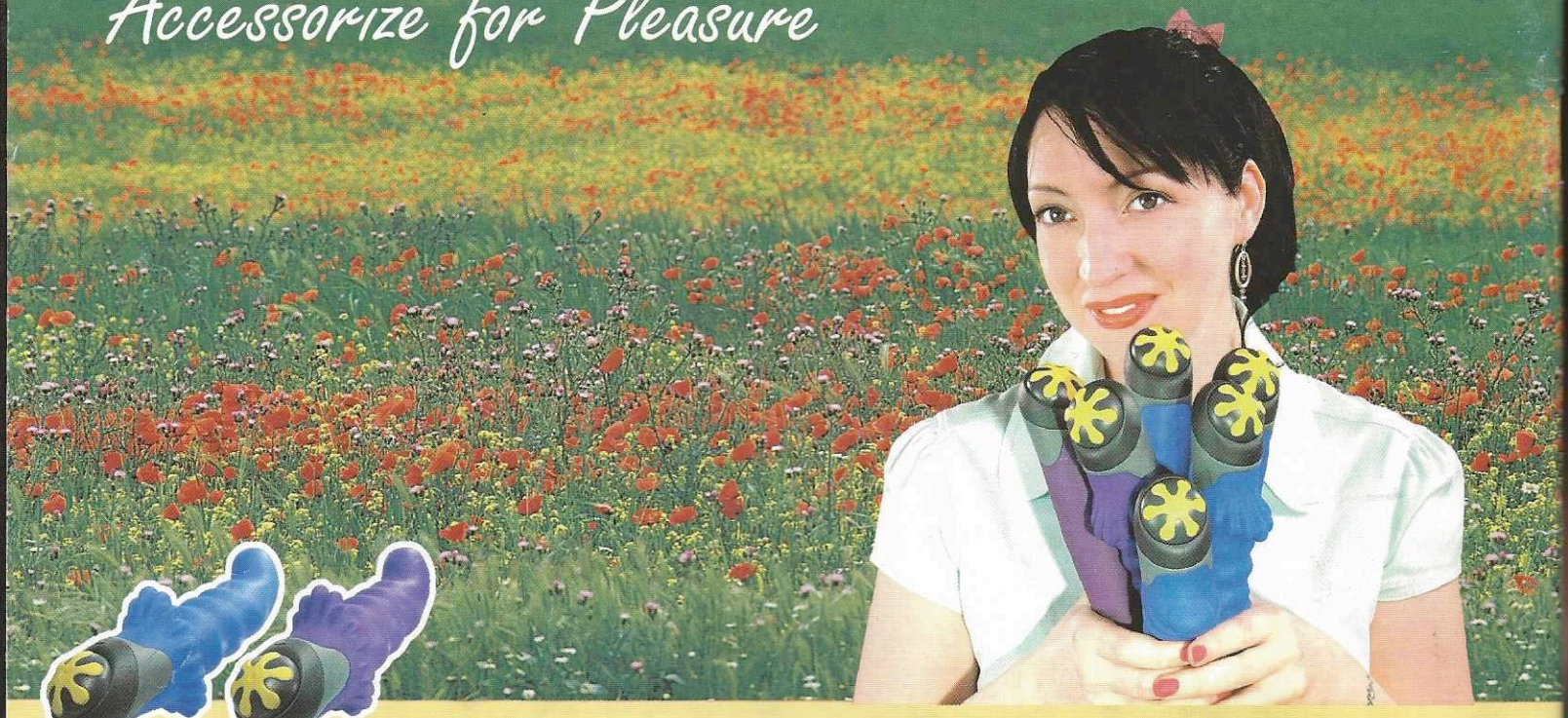

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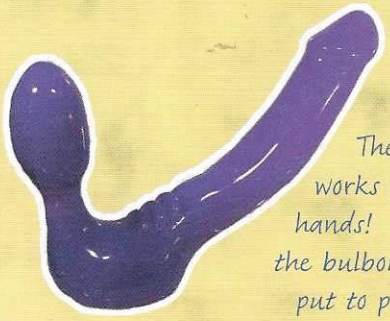

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